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THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF BANGOR.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1869.

PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Bangor Me.

BANGOR:
BENJAMIN A. BURR, PRINTER.

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Bangor, *Me.*

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FORM OF INVITATION.

NOROMBEGA, 1539–KENDUSKEAG PLANTATION, 1769.

CITY OF BANGOR, 1869.

The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Bangor will take place Thursday, September 30th, 1869.

Your attendance is respectfully solicited.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Please reply.

ELIJAH L. HAMLIN,
ISAIAH STETSON,
JOSEPH CARR,

SAMUEL D. THURSTON,
SAMUEL F. HUMPHREY,
JOSEPH F. SNOW,

Committee of Invitation.

BANGOR, August 20th, 1869.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The settlement of what is now the City of Bangor, was commenced by Jacob Buswell in the year 1769.

During the month of May, 1869, it was proposed by some of our citizens that the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the City should be marked by appropriate Ceremonies; when a little discussion had shown that such was the general desire, a public meeting was held at City Hall, and it was there decided to have a Centennial Celebration, and a Committee was appointed to consult with the municipal authorities, and in concert with them to make all the necessary preparations for carrying out this decision. A Committee appointed by the Aldermen and Council met with the Citizens Committee, and a programme was agreed upon, and the following committees nominated for its execution:

Upon Place for Public Services, and Preparation of Same.—R. S. Morrison, Geo. W. Ladd, Hon. S. H. Dale, J. P. Bass, Capt. J. S. Ricker, J. G. Clark, Lysander Strickland, John S. Kimball.

Upon Correspondence, Invitations and Address.—Hon. E. L. Hamlin, Hon. Isaiah Stetson, Joseph Carr, Esq., Hon. S. D. Thurston, Hon. S. F. Humphrey, J. F. Snow.

Upon Finances.—Moses Giddings, Hon. Henry E. Prentiss, Thos. J. Stewart, Philo A. Strickland, John Cassidy, Gen. Joseph S. Smith, S. C. Hatch, Esq.

Upon Music.—E. F. Duren, Geo. A. Thatcher, Esq., Geo. W. Merrill, F. S. Davenport, J. A. Crowell, A. D. Harlow.

Upon Dinner.—S. P. Bradbury, O. H. Ingalls, James Wood-

bury, Geo. A. Bartlett, Capt. Wm. Flowers, Levi Murch, D. Clinton Morrill.

Upon Procession.—Generals Chas. W. Roberts, George Varney, Sidney A. Thaxter, Chas. Hamlin, Dan'l White, Col. J. F. Godfrey, Lieut. B. H. Beale, Capt's James Dean, Elijah Low, Maj. Thomas Hersey, Wm. Mannigan, Geo. H. Chick, Geo. W. Merrill, Michael Schwartz, Chas. Sawtelle.

Upon Poem and Hymns.—Rev. C. C. Everett, Hon. Edward Kent, F. A. Wilson, Esq., Chas. P. Stetson, Esq., N. S. Harlow, John L. Crosby.

Upon Decorations, Mottoes, and Illuminations.—Col. A. B. Farnham, Capt. Hermon Bartlett, Wm. P. Wingate, Capt. Chas. B. Sanford, Capt. H. H. Fogg, Edward Conners, E. E. Small, Abram Woodard, C. C. Prescott, Orin F. Shaw, Alfred Stetson, Henry F. McLaughlin.

Upon Regatta.—Hon. S. H. Dale, Capt. Chas. B. Sanford, William Coombs.

Upon Reduction of Fares by Railroads and Steamboats. Capt. Chas. B. Sanford, W. C. Pitman, Capt. Wm. Flowers.

Upon Publication.—Hon. Sam'l D. Thurston, Hon. S. F. Humphrey, N. S. Harlow.

Thursday, Sept. 30, was fixed upon as "Centennial Day," and the various Committees at once began their labors.

Hon. John E. Godfrey consented to deliver an Oration. The committee upon a Poem and Hymns, in answer to their public request, received many excellent productions, from which they selected those printed in the following pages, as on the whole best suited to the occasion. The City Common on Lime Street was selected as the place for the public services, and a tent large enough for several thousand auditors was engaged, and duly fitted with platforms and seats for all.

The Committee on invitations, in addition to a general request published in the newspapers, that all former residents of Bangor should appear here upon that day, and take part in its festivities, sent cards of invitation to all absentees whose names

were furnished them, and from many thus invited received letters full of good wishes for the success of the celebration, and the continued prosperity of the city. Some of these letters will be found in this book; want of space compels the omission of the merely formal answers to the invitations, which were received from the following gentlemen:

H. D. Cushing, I. A. Hatch, Freeman H. Duren, A. H. Briggs, Camillus Kidder, Gilbert Atwood, W. H. Parsons, Boston; Hon. Lorenzo Sabine, Boston Highlands; Obed Wood, Cambridgeport; Wm. Thurston, Newburyport; Rev. J. H. Allen, Cambridge; H. O. Poor, Brookline; B. F. Mudgett, W. H. Foster, N. O. Pillsbury, New York; Hon. J. M. Hodgdon, Dubuque; James Jenkins, Oshkosh; Chas. P. Kimball, San Francisco; J. B. Hill, Mason; Geo. Z. French, Wilmington; A. T. C. Dodge, Washington; Hon. Nathan Weston, Augusta; Hon. Ira Fish, Patten; Allen Haines, Esq., Hon. I. Washburn, Jr., C. S. Clark, Portland; Prof. M. C. Fernald, Orono; B. C. Bailey, C. A. Stackpole, Gorham; Samuel Harris, D. D., Brunswick; S. R. Bearce, Lewiston; John S. Carter, Waterville; B. F. Tefft, D. D., Brewer; Hon. Joseph Williamson, Belfast; Jeremiah Bartlett, Bryant's Pond.

The committee upon finance ascertained the probable cost of the whole affair, and the municipal authorities appropriated sufficient money to carry it through.

The committee upon music engaged the services of the Germania Band and Orchestra of Boston, Chandler's Portland Band, the Bangor Cornet Band, and Heath's Martial Band.

The Penobscot Musical Association kindly volunteered their assistance in the proceedings of the morning and by skilful rendering of their music gave great pleasure to the vast audience in the tent. The voluntary aid of the Bangor Glee Club during the Dinner added largely to the interest of that portion of the day's exercises.

The committe upon the dinner, after due consultation decided in favor of employing Mr. Wallis to provide one, for as many as could be seated in Norombega Hall, and to issue tickets therefor;

they also issued tickets for spectators in the Galleries, thus accommodating many who desired to partake of the intellectual portion of the feast. The hour for the dinner was fixed at six o'clock p. m. to afford time for the proper carrying out of the other parts of the programme.

The labors of the Committee upon the Procession were crowned with success. The detailed account in the succeeding pages will show how well they deserve to be praised. Their arrangements were all admirable, and the Military experience of many members of the committee, and of the marshals, enabled them to arrange, manœuvre, and march, their long line of thousands, promptly and without confusion.

The committee upon decorations, &c., employed Messrs. Beals & Son, of Boston, whose abundant materials and long professional experience, aided by the fine taste and personal exertions of members of the committee, enabled them to adorn our public buildings, &c., to the satisfaction of all; arches were erected at different points on the route of the procession, the tent and Norombega Hall were beautifully decorated, and many houses and stores were elegantly dressed with flags, bunting, &c., by their owners. Illuminations were quite general in the evening, and there were some fine displays of fireworks in different parts of the city.

The Regatta Committee took much pains with their portion of the festivities, and overcoming all the difficulties attending so unusual an exhibition in this place, achieved success, and fully satisfied the large expectations of the thousands who lined the shores of the river to witness the races.

The managers of the Railroad and Steamboat lines of the city acceded to the request of the committee, and reduced their fares as desired.

The display by the Fire Department was under the direction of the officers thereof, and added much to the general interest of the occasion.

The different committees and citizens generally, labored zealously to make the occasion memorable, and to prepare a suita-

ble reception for the guests of the city ; sparing no pains to make the celebration worthy of themselves, and a fitting tribute to the founders of our institutions. Their efforts were entirely successful, and Bangor and her guests had reason to be satisfied with her first Centennial Celebration.

In the compilation of this record the committee have been aided by the able report in the Whig & Courier of October first, and by several of our citizens who are familiar with the early history of this region ; they regret the loss of a valuable paper contributed by the late Hon. Wm. Willis, of Portland, and of one or two interesting letters from other invited guests. In addition to the papers herein contained, much valuable historic material no doubt exists here, which should be collected for the benefit of all who are interested in the story of the first settlers on the Penobscot.

It is hoped that some competent person will undertake the duty of gathering these memorials of the pioneers of this section of the State before it is too late, and from them compile such a history as the importance of the subject deserves.

September 30, 1869.

The dawn of our Centennial Anniversary was announced by the ringing of bells, and soon after the streets and squares began to fill with people prepared to enjoy the long expected holiday. By railroads, steamers, stages, and other available conveyances, crowds of visitors came into the city to join in the festivities of the day; the movements of those seeking favorable points for viewing the procession, of the different companies, schools, and societies, marching to the rendezvous appointed for its various divisions, the reception of companies from other towns, the music by the almost ubiquitous Bands, the beautifully decorated buildings, and the flags waving everywhere in the bright sunlight, all together gave the place an unwonted air of rejoicing.

The absorbing interest felt in the occasion of so great an assemblage, aided doubtless by the excellent management of the police, prevented any disturbances: and all were exceedingly jolly and good natured while waiting for the opening of the official exercises. This was not long delayed. With unusual promptness the marshals of the day evolved order out of the seeming chaos, and marching their divisions as previously arranged, organized and set in motion a procession over a mile in length, described in the reports of the Whig & Courier and The Bangor Jeffersonian as follows:

THE PROCESSION.

The procession was formed on Ohio Street, with the right rest-

ing near the Hammond Street Church, in the following order:

Police.

Chief Marshal—Gen'l C. W. Roberts.

Staff—Gens. George Varney, Sidney W. Thaxter, Daniel White, H. M. Plaisted, George Fuller, Col. A. B. Farnham, Maj. Alfred Veazie, Lt. Chas. V. Lord, Capt. Chas. B. Sanford, F. W. Leavitt, Wm. H. Strickland.

Germania Band—A. Heinecke, Leader.

Company B State Guards—Captain J. S. Ricker.

Post No. 12 G. A. R.—Lieut. D. C. Morrill, Commander—Bearing the battle-stained flags of the 2d Maine Regiment.

FIRST DIVISION.

Marshal—Lt. B. H. Beale.

Aids—Corporal George A. Bartlett, Capt. Chas. E. Getchell, Capt. Michael Boyce, Nathan P. Kelley, Henry Fuller, L. W. Atkins, George W. Hammatt, George Wheelwright.

City Government, and Invited Guests.

Mercantile Association.

Aged Citizens in Carriages.

Descendants of Jacob Buswell the first settler of Bangor.

Hibernian Mutual Benevolent Society, Thos. Gillespie, President, with banners of Society.

Penobscot Indians in the full costume of their tribe—fine specimens of the Native American.

SECOND DIVISION.

Marshal—Maj. Thos. Hersey.

Aids—Capts. Elijah Low, F. A. Cummings, Chas. Dwinel; Wm. Mannegin, Waldo T. Pierce, Frank P. Wood, Willis F. Rice, John S. Jenness.

Portland Cornet Band—D. H. Chandler, Leader.

Oriental and Penobscot Lodges, I. O. of O. F.

Katahdin Encampment No. 4, I. O. of O. F.

Chief Engineer of Fire Department and Assistants.

Steamer Union No. 1.

Union Hose Company—E. E. Small, Foreman.

Steamer Victory No. 2.

Eagle Engine Company No. 3—George H. Chick, Foreman, with Engine and banner marked—"Organized 1833."

Eagle Engine Company of Brewer, with engine, S. H. Downes, Foreman.

Hook and Ladder Company—James M. Davis, Foreman.

Bucksport Engine Company—C. J. Cobb, Foreman.

Excelsior Engine Company of Upper Stillwater, with Engine—C. Burlingame, Foreman.

Pharos Temple of Honor.

Good Templars, with carriage bearing the insignia of the order, and the lady officers of the Society.

THIRD DIVISION.

Marshal—Col. John F. Godfrey.

Aids—Capt. Hermon Bartlett, Edward G. Wyman, E. H. Bradbury, B. B. Thatcher, Chas. H. Getchell, Edward E. Walker, Chas. H. Huckins, J. B. Moor.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The pupils of the City Schools to the number of two thousand, headed by Mr. C. P. Roberts, Superintendent—each school handsomely uniformed, and bearing a banner designating the School, with an appropriate motto—was a marked feature in the procession, and was one of the most beautiful exhibitions ever witnessed in our streets. The various colors of the uniforms and their unique and tasteful arrangement, were in harmony with the glorious autumn time, and produced a spectacle brilliant and beautiful.

The following order was observed:

Bangor High School, Boys and Girls, Mr. Hale—100 members. Boys wore badges of white. Girls white skirt, trimmed with fall foliage.

Motto—"Sapere aude."

Select School, Boys and Girls, Mr. Pease—175 members. Girls red cap with white feather, red sack, white skirt. Boys white waist, plain pants and white stripe, badge on shoulder.

Motto—"Our Century's Aloe flowers to-day."

Miss Mitchell's Private School, 36 girls. Wore white skirt, blue sailor jacket, blue cap with white wing.

Motto—"He maketh the Desert blossom as the Rose."

Girls Grammar School, No. 1. Miss Costellow—52 members. White suit and cap with blue trimming. Each carried a very pretty wreath.

Motto—"Our Jewels."

Spring Street Grammar School, Mr. Stuart—75 Boys. Plain suits, pink badge.

Motto—"For God and Our Country."

Prospect Street Grammar School, Miss Lord—40 boys. Wore blue cap, white waist, white stripe on pants.

Motto—"Bangor's Coming Men."

Union Square Grammar School, Miss Cochran—47 girls. Wore white cap and skirt, with pink sash. Each carrying a beautifully arranged basket of flowers.

Motto—"Liberty and Union."

Pond Street Grammar School, Miss Dickey—60 boys. White waist, blue sash, red, white and blue cravats.

Motto—"The Coming Man."

Grammar School No. 4. Miss Wingate—48 girls. White skirt and waist, red and blue trimming, with bouquets.

Motto—"Buds of Promise." Device, *wreath with buds.*

Grammar School, No. 7. Miss Hallowell—36 girls. White skirt and waist, green hats and trimming.

Motto—"Slips from the Century Plant."

Larkin Street Grammar and Intermediate School, Miss Lymburner—80 boys and girls. All with white waist and blue cap.

Motto—"The March of Civilization."

Pine Street Intermediate, Miss Dillingham—57 boys and girls. White suit, blue sash.

Motto—"No Drones Here." Device, *Beehives with Bees.*

State Street Intermediate, Miss Smith—63 boys and girls. Red cap and sash, white waist.

Motto—"Always Ready."

Union Street Intermediate, Miss Gallupe—69 boys and girls. Boys, red cap, white waist and stripe, blue sash. Girls, red cap, white skirt, blue sash.

Motto—"Onward!"

Hancock Street Intermediate, Miss Baker—42 boys. Green caps, white waist, and stripe on pants.

Motto—"We'll Stand for the Right."

Thomas' Hill Intermediate and Primary, Miss Ellison and Miss Hall—70 boys and girls. Boys, white waist, red cap and trimming. Girls, white suit, trimmed with foliage.

Motto—"Love, Truth and Obedience."

Centre Street Intermediate, Miss Edson—57 boys and girls. Boys, white waist, red cap and belt. Girls, white skirt and cap, red sack.

Motto—"The End crowns the Work."

Pearl Street Intermediate, Miss Blaisdell—38 boys and girls. Boys, blue jacket, white cap. Girls, white skirt, red sash.

Motto—"Our Common Schools, Our Country's Hope."

West Bangor, (mixed) Miss Bakeman. White suit, pink sash.

Motto—"Morning Glories."

Grove Street Intermediate, Miss Cates—65 boys and girls. Boys, black pants with white stripe, white waist. Girls, white skirt, green sash, and white cap.

Motto—"No place here for Idlers."

Grove Street Primary, Miss Cates—50 boys and girls. Boys, white waist, red cap. Girls, white skirt and cap, green sash.

Motto—"Work and Win."

Third Street Intermediate, Miss Patterson—36 boys and girls. Boys, red cap, white waist and stripe. Girls, white waist trimmed with blue.

Motto—"Knowledge is Power."

Pond Street Intermediate, Miss Hinks—53 boys and girls. Boys, white

waist, red cap, blue sash. Girls, buff cap, white suit, blue sash.
Motto—"Things to be remembered."

Lime Street (mixed,) Miss Holden—36 boys and girls. Boys, white waist, each carrying evergreen wreaths. Girls, red sack, white skirt, blue cap.
Motto—"These shall fill our places."

Union Street Primary, Miss Dunbar—80 boys and girls. Boys, white waist, blue sash, red cap. Girls, red cap, white skirt, blue sash.
Motto—"Tall Oaks from Little Acorns grow."

Front Street and Larkin Street Primaries, Misses Cummings—90 boys and girls. Green cap, white waist, green sash.
Motto—"Truth is Green."

York Street Primary, No. 1, Miss Thayer—62 boys and girls. Boys, green cap. Girls, white waist and cap, green trimming.

Motto—"Our Fathers sowed that we might Reap." Device, *Sheaf of Wheat.*

York Street Primary, No. 2, Miss Adams, same uniform.
Motto—"Onward and Upward."

York Street Primary, No. 3, Miss Lawrence, same uniform.
Motto—"Our Maine Jewels."

Pine Street Primary, Miss Peirce—42 boys and girls. Boys, white waist, plaid sash, pink cap. Girls, white suit, red sash and cap.
Motto—"The Try Children."

Third Street Primary, Miss Martin—37 boys and girls. Boys, blue cap and belt, white waist and stripes. Girls, blue overskirt and cap.
Motto—"Progress."

Division Street Primary, Miss Snow—40 boys and girls. Boys, red cap and waist, white pants, red stripe. Girls, white waist, red skirt and sash.
Motto—"Our Country's Hope."

Centre Street Primary, Miss Lander—50 boys and girls. Boys, red cap, white waist, and stripe. Girls, blue cap, white suit, red sash.
Motto—"Men and Women of 1900."

Spring Street Primary, Miss Chase—62 boys and girls. Boys, red cap, white waist and rosettes, white stripe. Girls, white cap and suit, blue and red trimming.
Motto—"Enjoy the present day."

Salem Court Primary, Miss Mitchell—46 boys and girls, all with red caps, white feather, white waist and red sash.
Motto—"Centennials of 1969."

Pearl Street Primary, Miss Trecarten—55 boys and girls. Boys, pink cap and sash, white waist. Girls, white cap and waist trimmed with red. Banner in form of Star. Motto—"Bangor, Star of the East."

FOURTH DIVISION.

Marshal—Capt. James Dean.
Aids—Capts. Frank Trickey, John E. Reynolds, Lieut. J. D. Benson, Sam-

nel Prentiss, Fred H. Smith, Henry A. Appleton, Walter E. Palmer, Horace Wing.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

These were led by Messrs. Wood, Bishop & Co's force of workmen, 47 in number, in uniform, headed by the members of the firm,

(Banner—"Established 1839, Wood, Bishop & Co., Iron Founders, Tin Plate and Sheet Iron Workers, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Broad Street.")

and followed by a carriage drawn by two horses, loaded with samples of the products of their Foundry and tin and iron ware manufactory; the whole making a fine display.

Next came a four-horse team bearing a banner inscribed, "Hinckley & Egery Iron Company, 1832—1869"; headed by the veteran employee of the establishment, James Scott, who entered the service of the Company at its commencement in 1832, and has continued in it since that time. The wagon was loaded with patterns of various kinds of wheels arranged in a tasteful form.

The next wagon was from the same establishment, and bore specimens of machine work and castings.

Wagon No. 3 represented a branch of the same establishment, with a banner bearing the device:

"Sullivan's Steam Boiler Works.

Hard is our labor
But happy our lot,
If certain to strike
While the iron is hot."

On the wagon was a boiler in course of construction, with a forge and crew of men busily engaged in adding bolts.

In the rear of the wagons marched the workmen of the Egery Iron Works, to the number of 75, with Messrs. Egery, French and Gorham at their head.

The next was a four-horse team from the Saw Works of Messrs. Gibson, Kimball & Sanford, with a handsome array of mill, cross-cut and circular saws, placed in the form of a pyramid, surmounted with a display of rubber and leather belting, and above all a large Sign bearing the inscription "Dirigo Saw Works, Gibson, Kimball & Sanford, No. 84 Exchange Street."

A profusion of flags and bunting gave to the whole a very attractive appearance.

Then came a four-horse team from the extensive stove and tin ware Factory of Albert Noyes & Co., Central Street, established in 1836—decorated with banners, mottoes, and emblems of business, and bearing a number of their workmen with tools and stock, busily engaged in manufacturing tin ware, &c.

Next came the veteran saw manufacturer, Michael Schwartz, Esq., driving his span of greys attached to a wagon containing saws of va-

rious kinds from his factory, established in 1839, and other goods in the line of his trade, making an attractive display.

Daniel McGreevy, stove dealer, next followed with a team containing stoves of various kinds.

Next a fancifully gotten up team, bearing specimens of all the variety of goods found in our fancy goods stores, represented the enterprise and taste of Messrs. Stern & Atkins and Mayo & Pearl.

Two wagons from Messrs. A. L. & R. C. Boyd, (whose business was established in 1850,) containing fruit, confectionery, &c., were next in order.

A. F. Chase exhibited in the next wagon samples of men's and boys' clothing.

James Patterson, Jr., with a load of trunks, valises and harnesses from his factory on Central Street, occupied the next place. He was followed by

The furniture wagon drawn by two horses, from the manufactory and ware-rooms of Dole Brothers, with some fine specimens of parlor and chamber furniture, very tastefully decorated with the national colors, and bearing the inscription, Dole Brothers, established 1812.

A large team drawn by four horses contained the workmen from Wm. Margesson & Sons, Boot and Moccasin factory, all busily at work, with the motto

"Home Industry."

"Why can't Boots and Shoes be made at Home as well as Elsewhere."

J. F. Parkhurst followed with a wagon containing trunks in process of manufacture, with his men at work upon them.

A. E. Pote & Co., followed with a load of confectionery, cigars and fruit.

The next team was from Dole & Fogg's Planing and Moulding Mill, with miniature mill some ten feet square with high chimney, from which the smoke issuing, gave it the appearance of being under full headway. Samples of mouldings, gutters, &c., decorated the sides, while the proprietors adorned the driver's seat.

C. C. Prescott's furniture wagon followed with samples of furniture from his ware-rooms.

G. W. Merrill's furniture wagon came next with specimens of workmanship from his manufactory, with a banner inscribed:

"G. W. Merrill's Furniture Manufactory, established, 1833."

Next in order was a finely decorated car containing a rich display of carpetings, rugs and dry goods, from the House of Lyon, Hall & Lewis, 14 West Market Square, established in 1843.

Wm. Thompson of the Times Job Office had a Gordon press at work striking off a Centennial hymn as the wagon moved along.

Bowen & Johnston, ship chandlers, followed by a four-horse load of ship chandlery, &c.

A large team labelled "Crispin's Barge" next represented T. Hersey & Co's establishment, and bore several inscriptions,—such as "Our platform, good boots and shoes." "We use our awl to save your soles," with the dates 1769 and 1869 and the inscription, "established, 1814," and boxes of goods directed to every part of the Union. A large gang of men were at work plying the waxed end and awl.

Several carts of the Bangor Ice Company. C. A. Babcock & Co's coal teams; also three of Bacon & Huckins.

Large wagon containing workmen and work from Wharff's Carriage manufactory.

Teams from Brownville slate quarry.

Mammoth load of woolen goods from Wheelwright & Clark's.

Loaded teams of machinery from Muzzy Iron Works.

Wagon of Agricultural implements from D. M. Dunham's establishment. Workmen busy.

D. P. Wingate's sprinkler—not in working order.

Teams of goods from Jenness & Son's Hardware store.

A. Leighton's Ship Plumbing establishment represented by workmen and specimens of work.

Wagon from E. W. Blake's planing and moulding mill, Broad Street.

Succeeded by the carriage of S. B. Fifield, driven by himself, with a bright specimen of Young America on each side, and an attractive display of Boy's fancy suits. Banner inscribed, "S. B. Fifield, 136 Exchange Street. Clothing for the Million."

Wagon from Prescott's clothing ware-house.

R. S. Torrey in wagon with load of Patent Bee hives.

Mammoth wagon from Stickney & Roberts carpet ware-rooms,

E. F. Duren, Hammond Street, and Patten & Wheelden, Main Street, Book and Music Stores, united in furnishing a display of Music and Musical instruments. A piano forte was skilfully played during the march. One side of the vehicle bore the tune and the words of "Home, sweet home," below it, the titles of Music Books by citizens and former citizens; also the titles of books by authors who have had charge of Musical Conventions in the city.

On the opposite side were the tune and words of "Auld Lang Syne," with the titles of some Ancient Books. Banners with mottoes were displayed, "Music hath Charms," "Let us have Music," &c. A variety of sheet music was interspersed, rendering it quite an attractive sight.

Teams from Phillips' Bakery.

The procession started from the junction of Ohio and Hammond streets about 10 o'clock, in the order named above, and marched through High, Union and Main streets, over Kenduskeag Bridge to East Market Square, where the schools were taken into the procession and the march was continued through Harlow, Spring, Center, Somerset, Broadway, State, Essex and York streets; when at the junction of York and Boyd streets they passed under an archway with the inscription,

"September, 1769,

First House erected near this spot,"

the bands playing patriotic music and various parts of the procession cheering for the "man who first settled in Bangor."

From this point the procession proceeded up York st. to Newbury st., up Newbury to State st., down State to Lime, through Lime st.—passing under an arch with the inscription,

"1769—Remember our forefathers—1869",

to the tent upon the City Common. Here while the people were taking their seats, various selections were performed by the bands, and after quiet was restored, the Bangor Cornet Band rendered admirably the overture from "Les Huguenots."

Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D., the oldest clergyman in the city, next invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the occasion, after which

The Penobscot Musical Association, under the direction of F. S. Davenport, sang with fine effect the "Pilgrim Chorus," by Verdi, with Orchestral accompaniment by the Germania Band.

Mayor Samuel D. Thurston in a few brief remarks, introduced the Hon. George W. Pickering as President of the meeting, with the following list of Vice Presidents and Secretaries:

Vice-Presidents—Timothy Crosby, Andrew W. Hasey, Peter Burgess, Joseph Carr, Esq., Samuel A. Gilman, D. F. Leavitt, Charles H. Forbes, Thomas A. Taylor, James B. Fiske, George L. Phillips, John T. Dole, Isaac F. Buzzell, Ex-Mayors, Edward Kent, J. Wingate Carr, Charles Hayward, Wm. H. Mills, E. L. Hamlin, J. T. K. Hayward, Hollis Bowman, Isaiah Stetson, Samuel H. Dale, Albert G. Wakefield, Augustus D. Manson.

Secretaries—John L. Crosby, Frank Dwinel, N. S. Harlow, C. P. Stetson, Esq., F. A. Wilson, Esq., S. S. Patten, Philo A. Strickland, Geo. F. Godfrey, Henry M. Prentiss.

The announcement was received with applause. On taking the chair, Mr. Pickering spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor and Citizens of Bangor:

I thank you for the honor of being called to preside on this interesting occasion. It may not be out of place to ask your attention a few minutes, before introducing the Orator of the day.

This great gathering of people here, to-day, is for the purpose of celebrating the Centennial Year of the Settlement of Bangor; and we bid you all a kindly welcome.

One hundred years ago, what now is the City of Bangor was nature's forest: all around us was a dense forest, save here and there a little spot, the camping ground of the Red Man—the Indian of the Penobscot:—a splendid race of men in form—warlike and brave! They were resting on the banks of the Penobscot, feeling that they were the rightful possessors of the soil, when they were startled by the cry of the coming of the White Man. He came, and made his Camping Ground with the Red Man. His coming tells the story of the fate of the Red Man. Soon after came others and others, until the breaking out of the Revolution, when there was on the banks of the Penobscot a little colony of white men—loyal men,—devoted to their native soil—patriotic men—devoted to the cause of the Revolution. Their descendants are here to-day, as patriotic as their fathers; and they behold a city beautiful and grand! the corner stone laid by their fathers; they behold their ships riding on the waters of the beautiful Penobscot, with their Nation's Banner—the Stars and Stripes, floating in the breeze at their mast heads, the Banner of the free and brave that, on the battle field, led on the brave to conquer or die. And may that Banner,

> "Beautiful and grand,
> Float forever over our land!"

The Centennial Hymn, written for the occasion, by Mrs.

Fannie Laughton Mace, was then finely sung by the choir. It is as follows:

Centennial Hymn.

BY MRS. B. H. MACE.

I.

God of our days! thy guiding power
Sustained the lonely pioneer
Who first, beneath the forest shades,
His evening camp-fire kindled here;
To Thee, a welcome sacrifice,
Its smoke ascended to the skies.

II.

God of the years! as summers fled,
Within the wild, new homes were reared,
New gardens bloomed, new altars flamed,
And songs of praise the Sabbaths cheered,
Until the fair young city stood,
Gem of the eastern solitude.

III.

God of the centuries! to-day
A hundred years their tale have told,
And, lingering in their solemn shade,
We listen to the days of old.
To us, how vast the centuries' flight!
To Thee, as watches in the night.

IV.

God of eternity! Thy hand
To nobler hills has beckoned on
The fathers, who, by many toils,
For us this pleasant dwelling won.
With them, hereafter, may we raise
Celestial cities to Thy praise.

The President then announced the Orator of the day, Hon. John E. Godfrey, who delivered the following:

ADDRESS.

In tracing the history of our city, as in tracing the history of cities of greater antiquity and renown, we can find our way back into the times of myth and mystery. Still, it is not a city surrounded by walls of stone to protect it against invaders, with its castle and donjon-keep, and with its long lines of governors, and knights, and fabled heroes. It is a city of an age and of a country more wonderful than any that have before existed upon the earth; a city whose defenses are intelligence and practical common sense, and whose lines of governors, and knights, and heroes, were its practical, common sense, citizens, who alternated with each other in its rule, and for whom the sword had no attractions except when used in the defense of their country; a city that looks back to the past only for that which may be useful as warning or example, and upon the present, with a determination to fix upon it the impress of the great enterprise of its people; a people who believe that, from its progress, prosperity, position and resources, it is destined to have a great future, and who strive that its foundations shall be laid in intelligence and virtue, having an abiding faith in that Power through whom alone nations and cities can attain true glory.

1000.

One hundred years ago an almost unbroken wilderness was here. Savage men and savage beasts were the inhabitants. They were brave Christians who first planted themselves in this wild region.

It is not for us to know at what date it was first visited by civilized man. If the Northmen, in their mysterious voyages, near a thousand years ago, explored this part of their Vinland, no discovered record reveals the fact; and, although our antiquarians may look upon the antique relics that from time to time are found in our soil, and ask themselves if it may not be

that Leif, son of Eric The Red, once dwelt upon the banks of our ancient river, and if his brother Thorfin and his good wife Gudrida may not have set up housekeeping and had their son Snorre born to them hereabouts,* yet, until there are further revelations, we must permit our Western Vinland friends to enjoy the hypothesis, that theirs was the favored region of the some half a dozen years' residence of those old rovers.†

If it be true that there was once in this region—upon the opposite bank of the river, perhaps,—"an ancient great city with a skillful and dextrous people having thread of cotton," as "many old pilots and historians affirm," and Mercator's‡ and other maps of the 16th century indicate, we have yet to learn the fact, that its people were or were not Christians, as well as the other important fact, that there was any such city at all.‖

The jealousy of nations, and of the ancient voyagers to our coast also, lest their discoveries should become known to each other and afford to all equal advantages, has deprived us of much valuable knowledge relating to our ancient locality. Many early maps and charts and descriptions of our coast and river, it is believed, have been concealed and eventually lost from this cause.§

Leaving the regions of myth and tradition, we come into the sixteenth century, when reliable history relating to our country begins to dawn.

There is little doubt that our coast was visited in a few years after the great discovery of Columbus, and our river—called the Norombega—penetrated; for that is conspicuous above every other river upon the maps and charts of our Eastern coast of the sixteenth century.¶

1524–'56.

We are ignorant of the extent of the voyages of the Cabots,

* *Wheaton's Northmen*, 24, 28. *DeCosta's Pre-Columbian Discovery*, III.
† *Belk. Am Biog.* I. 47-57. *Me. Hist. Coll.* 2d Ser. I. 74.
‡ *Me. Hist. Coll.* 2d Ser.I, 384.
‖ *Champlain's Voy.* Ch. III.
§ *Me. Hist. Coll.* 2d Ser. I, 361.
¶ See the maps in Vol. I, *Me. Hist. Coll.* 2d Se.

in 1497-'8, and whether they traced the coasts of their new found lands as far as Maine, but the Italian, Verazzano, under French auspices, was in our waters in 1524, and the Spanish navigator, Gomez, it is supposed, in 1525. It is believed also that Bretons and Normans were here as early as 1504.*

Andre Thevet, a celebrated French cosmographer, sailed up our bay in 1556. He describes it quite minutely, declaring it to be "one of the finest rivers in the world"—says it was called, by the French, "Norombegue," and by the natives, "Agoncy," and that upon its banks the French had, formerly, erected a little fort about ten or twelve leagues from its mouth, where it was surrounded by fresh water, "and this place was called the fort of Norombegue.†"

It is not improbable that this fort was upon Kenduskeag Point, or at the head of tide waters, upon Thompson's Point,‡ as either of those places answers the description more nearly than any other.

With the ancient voyagers,‖ the river of Norombega lay between Pematig, or the Isle of the Desert Mountains, on the east, and Bedabedec, or the coast extending from Owls-Head, northerly, on the west, and embraced the bay and river.

1604.

The history of the exploration of the Norombega river, early in the seventeenth century, is of interest.

Under a charter from the great King Henry IV, of France, a Huguenot gentleman of position, the chevalier DeMonts, commenced the erection of a colony within the limits of what is now the State of Maine, in 1604.§ Bringing with him many gentlemen, Romish priests, Protestant ministers, artizans and

**Murdoch's Acadie*, I. 3. *Me. Hist. Coll.* 2d Se. I. 228, 271.

†*Me. Hist. Coll.* 2d Ser. I, 416.

‡*In Veazie.*

‖*Champ. Voy.* Ch. III.

§*Ib.* "Priests, Ministers, * * They were of both religions, Catholic and Protestant." *Murdochs Acadie*, I. 15.

soldiers, he built a fort and dwellings upon DeMont's Island,*—called Big Island by the people of its neighborhood,—near the head of Passamaquoddy Bay. This was the first known settlement in Maine. Traces of it are still in existence. DeMonts, with his company, passed the winter upon the island.

1605.

The winter proved intolerably severe, whereupon he concluded that it would be of little avail to attempt to establish a permanent colony in so inhospitable a climate, and that he would extend his researches further south for a more genial locality. Accordingly,in the spring of 1605, taking with him the accomplished Samuel de Champlain, he sailed from St. Croix westerly along the coast of Maine. And it is fortunate for history, that he was accompanied by an observer so intelligent as to be able to describe the places he visited with such accuracy that we can at this day identify them without difficulty.

Guided by the natives, they sailed past a remarkable island—to which they gave the name of "The Isle of the Desert Mountains"—into a river, which their guides called Pematagoet, and which they believed to be the Norombega. The Isle-au-Haut lay at its mouth. From this, at the distance of fifteen leagues, they found a place about a quarter of a league in width, [at Fort Point,] not far from which, at the distance of about two hundred paces from the western shore, was a rock, which was dangerous, lying even with the water, [Fort Point Ledge.] About seven or eight leagues from this they came to a little river, [the Kenduskeag,] and soon afterwards were obliged to cast anchor, as before them [off the foot of Newbury street] were several rocks which were uncovered at low water. About half a league further onward was a rapid, which came in a slope of seven or eight feet where the river was about two hundred

*This has been called Neutral Island, and Dosquet's Island. The "Congressional Voyagers" in the U. S. Cutter Mahoning, along the coast, of Maine, in 1866, having with them Mr. Hilgard, of the U. S. Coast Survey, and several gentlemen of the Maine Historical Society, voted that the island be hereafter called Demont's Island, at the same time giving the proper salute. By the action of the waves the island has been reduced to a small part of its original dimensions.

paces broad. [Treat's or The Penobscot Falls.] "The river," says the voyager, "was handsome and pleasant as far as the place where we cast anchor. Going on shore and going on foot, hunting and to see the country, I found it very pleasant and agreeable as far as the road led me, and it seemed as if the oaks that were there were planted for pleasure."

Those of you who remember the grand old oaks that, something more than a third of a century ago, stood above the Point on the bank of the Penobscot, and the fine grove that covered the hill near the mansion of our first Chief Magistrate,* will appreciate the remark, "it seemed as if the oaks that were there were planted for pleasure."

It would be singular if our voyagers were not curious in regard to the mysterious city of Norombega, about which so much had been said and written in their day. They made search for it, and Champlain declares, that he "is certain that most of those who mention it have never seen it, and speak of it from what they have heard from people who know no more than they," and that, from the entrance to where he was, he saw no city, nor village, nor appearance of any, but, indeed, one or two savage huts where there was nobody." They were visited by two savage chieftains, Bashaba and Cabahis, with fifty or sixty companions, but had no evidence of their dexterity and skill, except in their savage mode of singing, dancing, leaping and feasting.†

It is not absolutely determined that the Norombega river was not in the same year the object of the admiration of the English voyager, Weymouth, and his historian, Rozier, who says that they passed from the Island of St. George, (Monhegan), up "a great river trending far up into the main," that floweth sixteen or eighteen feet at high water, and was so admirable that "many who had been travelers in sundry countries, and in most famous rivers, affirmed them not comparable to this, "the most beautiful, large, rich and safe harboring river that the world afford-

*Hon. Allen Gilman, north of State and Essex streets. It is now owned by Michael Schwartz, Esq.

†*Champ. Voy.* Ch. III.

eth."* Belknap and Williamson, who founded their belief upon the observations of Capt. John Foster Williams, a U. S. Revenue officer, were of opinion that it was. But, as it is established that our river was visited as early by Champlain, we can afford to yield the claim that it was the river of Weymouth to those who urge that the Georges or the Sagadahock was that river.

1605—'13.

The name Norombega was said by the "great French sea-captain," Jean Parmentier, in 1539,† to have been applied by the people of the country to the whole American coast discovered by Verrazano, from Cape Breton to Florida, but when in about 1660, Milton wrote

> "Now from the North
> Of Norombega and the Samoed shore,
> Bursting their brazen dungeons, armed with ice
> And snow and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
> Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud
> And Thrascias rend the woods and rock upturn,"†

it was confined to the region lying between Pemaquid and Passamaquoddy,‡ a region that now contains a population of between 250,000 and 300,000 souls,

There is no doubt that the site of Bangor was a noted place of resort of the ancient Abenakis; for the celebrated expedition of the Jesuits, under the patronage of the Marchioness De Guercheville, and other religious persons of the court of Henry IV, designed to establish a mission here in 1613. Unfortunately for the project, the missionaries were persuaded by the wily savages of Mount Desert to come no further than that island. But they had hardly commenced building (upon the place known as Fernald's Point‖) before they were dispersed by Argal with his squadron from Virginia.

**Belk. Am. Biog.* II. p. 141. *Williamson's Maine* I. 193. See *Locke's Hist. Camden*, pp. 10–11.

§*Paradise Lost.* Book X. 793 line.

‡"*Norombega* hath on the N. E. *Nova Scotia*, on the S. W. Virginia" * * "Virginia in the full latitude thereof, extendeth from the 34 degree where it joins with Florida, unto the 44 degree where it quartereth on Norombega." *Heylin's Cosmography*, Part II. pp. 107, 109. Book IV; London, 1652.

‖Identified as the locality, by Hon. E. L. Hamlin, of Bangor. *Parkman's Pioneers* 277.

[Father Biard says, (Jesuit Relations Vol. I., Chap. 23) :—"La contrarieté des vents nous retint cinq iours á Port Royal, then a favoring N. E. wind arising, we set sail with the intention of going to the river Pentegoët, to a place called Kadesquit, which we had destined for the new settlement, it having many great advantages for this purpose."]

Kadesquit, as our locality was called by the French, was often visited by that people after its exploration by DeMonts and Champlain, and the Penobscot was made a thoroughfare by them until the building of Ft. Pownall, in 1759, to and from Canada.

The French claimed that Acadia extended to the Kennebec river, as it did, but the English were continually encroaching upon its limits until they succeeded in occupying Pemaquid. They were not so successful in occupying the country east of the Penobscot, permanently, until its final surrender by the French to the English under the treaty of Utrecht, (1713), but parts of it were at several times temporarily in their possession.

1626–'35.

In 1626,* the Plymouth colonists erected a trading house at a place called by them, Penobscot, by the French, Pentagoët, and by us, Bagaduce and Castine. In 1635, they were dispossessed by the French, under D'Aulnay de Charnisay,†—commonly called D'Aulnay, by the English—a Lieutenant under the Acadian governor, Razilla. As the business of the English, and of the French also, was with the Indians, and some of them at times adopted their costume and mode of life,‡ they were doubtless often up the river as far at least as Kadesquit.

It is not to be supposed that the Plymouth people submitted quietly to this interference with their nine years' possession of Penobscot, and the breaking up of their lucrative peltry business. They were greatly indignant, and contracted with a blustering Captain, Girling, who had a ship, called the "Great Hope,"

* *Mass. Letter Book*, 107. *Sullivan's Hist. Maine*, 275.

† See Gov. Bradford's account of this transaction *Hist. New Plymouth*, 207–8.

‡ Ashley "lived amonge ye Indeans as a savage and used their maners." *Gov. Bradford's N. P.* 170.

to retake the place for the consideration of seven hundred pounds of beaver. To see that the job was fairly completed, and to pay for it, they sent with him the renowned Capt. Miles Standish, with a vessel containing the beaver. Girling failed, through stupidity and dishonesty; the French retained Pentagoët and Plymouth kept the beaver.*

1670.

At sometime between 1665 and 1670, a young French officer, by name, Jean Vincent, Baron de St. Castin,† found his way

* *Hubbard's New England*, 162. "Girling would take no advice, would neither summon the enemy nor permit Capt. Standish to do so. Neither would he have patience to bring his ship wher she might doe excention, but begane to shoot at distance like a madd man and did them no hurte at all; the which when those of ye plantation saw they were much greeved, and went to him and tonld him he would do no good if he did not lay his ship beter to pass (for she might lye within pistoll shott of ye house). At last, when he saw his own folly, he was perswaded, and layed her well, and bestowed a few shott to good purposs. But now, when he was in a way to doe some good, his powder was goone; for though he had—peece of ordnance, it did now appeare he had but a barrell of powder, and a peece; so he could doe no good, but was faine to draw of againe; by which means ye enterprise was made frustrate, and ye French incouraged; for all ye while that he shot so unadvisedly, they lay close under a worke of earth and let him consume him selfe. He advised with ye Captaine [Standish] how he might be supplyed with powder, for he had not to carie him home; so he [Standish] told him he would go to ye next plantation, and do his indeavur to procure him some, and so did; but understanding by intelligence, that he intended to eciase on ye barke, and surprise ye beaver, he sent him the powder, and brought ye barke and beaver home. But Girling never assaulted ye place more, (seeing him selfe disappoyented,) but went his way; and this was ye end of this bussines." *Gov. Bradford's New Plymouth*, 208–9.

The Govt. of Mass. Bay had given Plymouth some encouragement, that it would assist them to regain their trading house, but when called upon, it had various excuses for declining. Plymouth was in the wrong. The French had merely taken possession of their own territory.

† "The Baron of St. Casteins, a gentleman of Oberon in Bearn, having lived among the Abenakis, after the savage way, for above twenty years, is so much respected by the savages that they look upon him as their tutelar God. He was formerly an officer in the Carignan regiment in Canada, and upon the breaking up of that regiment threw himself among the savages, whose language he had learned. He married among them after their fashion, and preferred the forests of Acadie, to the Pyrenean mountains that encompass the place of his nativity." For the first years of his abode with the savages, he behaved himself so as to draw an inexpressible esteem from them. They made him their Great Chief or leader, who is in a manner the sovereign of the nation; and by degrees he has worked himself into such a fortune, which any man but he would have made such use of as to draw out of the country two or three hundred thousand crowns, which he had now in his pocket of good dry gold. But all the use he makes of it is to buy up goods for presents to his fellow savages, who upon their return from hunting present him with beaver skins to a treble value. The Governors General of Canada keep in with him, and the Governors of New England are afraid of him. He has several daughters who are all of them married very handsomely to Frenchmen, and had good dowries. He has never changed his wife, by which he meant to give the savages to understand that God does not love inconstant folks." *La Hontan's Voyages*, vol. 1. "This Casteen is a Frenchman, has lived there [at Penobscott] many years, has 3 or 4 Indian wives, and goes a hunting with the Indians." *Randolph's Letter. Hutchinson Papers*, 563.

"That man's character has been treated as a mystery by his own countrymen and the writers of that nation confess that they cannot find any satisfactory motive for his conduct." *Sullivan's Maine*, 93.

"31, Oct. 1707. Gaulin, Missionary priest of the Seminary of Quebec, being

into this region from Canada. He was barely of age, but had seen service in the celebrated Carignan regiment, under the renowned Italian General, Montecuculi, against the Turks, and was fond of adventure.* Marrying the reputed beautiful daughter, or daughters, (for it is said that he had more than one wife.) of the great Tarratine chief, Madockawando,† he established himself at Pentagoët, where he succeeded in obtaining great influence over the natives. He resided in the country during the remainder of the century, and accumulated a fortune, by traffic with the Indians, of about 300,000 crowns. We have the names of two of his sons and two of his daughters, who were quite well educated. The sons and the father were doubtless often at Kadesquit, and the sons, with his grandson Alexander de Belleisle, caused great annoyance to the French priests at Pannawanske, by selling au-de-vie to the natives and by various objectionable proceedings, especially by supercilious treatment of themselves.

at Port Royal, married Anselm de St. Castin, baron de St. Castin, son of Sieur JeanVincent, baron de St. Castin, and of dame Matilde of the parish of the "Sainte famille", at Pentagonet, and damoiselle Charlotte P Amours, daughter of St. Louis d'Amours, ensign of a Company at Port Royal, &c.

4, Dec. 1707. Married le Sieur Alexander le Borgne de Belleisle, &c., to the damoiselle Anastasie de St. Castin, fille du sieur Vincent, ecuyer, baron de St. Castin et de dame Matilde.

4, Dec. 1707. Phillippe de Pombomcou is married to Therese de St. Castin, daughter of the Baron and of dame Marie Pidianiskge." *Register of the Parish of St. Jean Baptiste of Port Royal.*

Another son, Joseph Dabadis, was the hero of the story related by Williamson (Hist. Me. Vol. II. 144) as appears by a letter signed by him in Mass. Archives, Vol. 52, p. 226, and was doubtless the "*Robardee*" mentioned in *Williamson's Hist.* Vol. II. p. 71, note.

Father Lauverjat, in a letter dated Panouamske, July 8, 1728, to Father de la Chasse, says, "The insolence of the Messrs. de St. Castin has become so excessive that they have no respect for me or for God. The eldest, who will not marry, and not satisfied to spread corruption through all the village, has now set up a public traffic in brandy, with his nephew, the son of M. de Belleisle. They have already drowned one man by it, and think to destroy many others. The youngest of the Castins never comes into the village but he gets publickly drunk, and sets all the village in a flame [combustion]. * * * Puffed up by their commission and the pension they obtain from the King by means of M. de Vandreuil, they appear as if the earth was not worthy to bear them."

* *Martin's France* Vol. I, p. 273. *Garneau's Canada*, I, 215, 224.

† Squando, of Saco, and Madockawando, the chief commander of the Indians eastward about Penobscot "are said to be by them that know them, a strange kind of moralized savages; grave and serious in their speech and carriage, and not without some show of a kind of religion, which no doubt they have learnt from the Prince of Darkness." * "It is said also, they pretend to have received some visions and revelations, by which they have been commanded to worship the Great God and not to work on the Lord's Day." *Hubbard's Indian Wars*, 366. Madockawando was the adopted son of the chief *Assiminasqua*. He was not an enemy, nor do we learn that his people had committed any depredations until after some English spoiled his corn and otherwise did him damage. "*Drake's Book of the Indians*, 288.

*Pannawanske, Pannawanskek, or Panamske, &c., are variations of a name supposed to have been applied to an Indian village at Oldtown. But as the natives had no fixed village, until probably after the erection of Ft. Pownall, but many stations or camping grounds upon the river, to which they resorted at the proper seasons, to obtain the supplies of game and fish upon which they subsisted, it is more probable that this name, which is probably the original of Penobscot, was applied in its various forms to the different camping grounds. This will account for the river being called by the English Penobscot, while it was called Pentagoët, by the French.

After the French came into the country, they established missions at different points which were of some permanency and the savages clustered around them.†

1677.

For many years prior to 1677, there was a controversy betwixt the government of Massachusetts and the heirs of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, relative to their respective rights in Maine. This controversy was settled this year by the purchase of the Gorges interest for £1250 sterling.‖ The English settlements extended to Penobscot, and by this purchase the Massachusetts Government conceived that they had the right to exclusive jurisdiction over Maine as far as the Penobscot river.

The horrible Indian wars, commencing with Philip's war at this period, that ravaged Maine for more than half a century, led to occasional expeditions to the Penobscot, sometimes on missions of peace, but more frequently on missions of destruction. In 1676, Capt. Moore came here and obtained the ratification, by Madockawando, of a famous treaty made by Massachusetts, with Mugg, a subordinate chief,—a treaty which was soon violated.

* Canoes with 120 men left this place Sept. 13, 1617, on an expedition to a place near the mouth of the Kennebec. It is not improbable that the village of Panawanske was at some point between the Bangor and Hampden line and Eddington Bend. The French had fixed villages long before.

†The village of Narantsouak is nearest New England, that of Medoctek nearest Acadia, and that of Panaouamké nearly in the centre, in 1724. *N. Y. Col. Doc.* IX, 940.

‖ See deed from Usher, *Me. Hist. Coll.* II, 261.

In the autumn of 1696, Col. Benjamin Church, the conquerer of Philip, ascended the river with his whale-boats. He had been informed that at the "great falls," there was a great rendezvous of the enemy, where they had large quantities of corn planted. He was disappointed in not being able to find either the enemy or the corn, but he learned of the existence of a fort upon a little island further up the river which was difficult of access.*

1722–'25.

He was afterwards ordered to find and destroy this fort, but this work was reserved for Col. Thomas Westbrook, who came up the river with an expedition in 1722–3. He passed through Kadesquit with a force of 240 men, and after a march of five days through the woods on the west bank of the river, succeeded with much difficulty in finding the fort. There were twenty-three dwellings inside of this fort; outside, there was a priest's house, and a chapel handsomely finished within and without. The place was deserted. Westbrook set fire to the buildings at nightfall, and in the morning they were in ruins.† The island was probably Nicola's Island, at Passadumkeag. Traces of erections are still to be seen there.

In 1725, Capt. Joseph Heath came with another expedition across the country, from the Kennebec river, and destroyed a French fort and village at a place called Fort Hill, at the head of the tide, above Mt. Hope.‡

1758—'59.

Under the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Acadia became English. Louisburg finally fell July 26, 1758, and the Islands of Cape Breton and St. John (now Prince Edward's Island) were added permanently to the British acquisitions. (With this conquest the whole coast, from Newfoundland inclusive, became

* "Their pilot, York, informed them of a fort up that river and that it was built on the little island in that river; and that there was no getting to it, but in canoes, or on the ice in winter time." *Church's Indian Wars*, (Drake's Ed.)225.

† *Autograph letter of W. in Mass. Archives* 1722-3. *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.* Vol. VIII. 2d Ser. 264.

‡ *Whipple's Acadia* 80. *Eaton's Warren* 39, *Hutch. Mass.* II. 286.

British territory.) Canada was still in the possession of the French. The St. John and the Kennebec rivers were fortified and guarded by English troops, and the only avenue for the French open to the ocean was the Penobscot river. It was of great importance to the English that this avenue should be closed. A fort upon its bank was deemed indispensable. With a view to its erection, Gov. Pownall with a fleet and troops, in the spring of 1759, reconnoitered the river. A sloop of the expedition run upon one of the rocks that were so formidable to Champlain, off the foot of Newbury Street, and he landed his troops upon the Eastern bank of the river, and marched them about four miles to the head of the first falls, opposite Thompson's Point, where he raised the banner of St. George. After saluting it, he buried "at ye Root of a Large White Birch Tree, three large Trunks springing from ye one Root," a leaden plate bearing this inscription,

"May 23, 1759. Province Massachusetts Bay.
Dominions of Great Britain.
Possession Confirmed by Thomas Pownall, Governor."

In consequence of this act of Gov. Pownall, the territory between the Penobscot and the St. Croix rivers was embraced in the territory of the United States under the treaty of Paris of 1783.* Had it not been for this act of occupation, the country east of the Penobscot river would at this time have been, probably, a part of the Province of New Brunswick.†

Having completed his reconnoissance, the Governor returned to Wasumkeag Point, (Fort Point,) where he erected Fort Pownall.

The building of this fort was the commencement of a new era in Eastern Maine. In the language of Williamson, "then closed the scenes of massacre, plunder and outrage by the Indians forever."

The fort was completed July 25, 1754. It was garrisoned by

*Pownall's Journal, Me. Hist. Coll. V. 381 et seq.
†Me. Hist. Coll. VI. 335. Notes by Hon. Jos. Williamson.

a force of eighty men, at first under the command of Gen. Jedediah Preble, afterwards under Capt. Thomas Goldthwait.*

1759.

When Gov. Pownall first entered the river he took decided measures with the Indians, and with good effect. He had a conference with them near Belfast, and, giving them a Union flag, a Red flag and a White flag, told them that he had come to build a fort upon the Penobscot, and to make the land English. That he was able to do it and would do it, that they should have justice, and that they should do it too—that they should be cared for and protected if they were friends, but that he would sweep the river of them, "from one end to the other," if they were not—and that to keep faith with the English was indispensable to their existence.† They were convinced that it would at least be good policy to keep on terms of friendship with their new neighbors, and the next spring they entered into a treaty with the English to which they adhered until the Revolution, when they adopted the cause of the colonists and were as faithful to it as their nature would admit.‡

1769.

With the building of Fort Pownall, commenced immigration to the country in its neighborhood from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and the Western part of Maine. The Southern part of Orphan Island was occupied in 1763, and Col. Jonathan Buck was the first settler in Bucksport, in 1764.§

The settlement upon the river was very gradual and did not reach Bangor until 1769. Doubtless the difficulty of obtaining title to the lands was an obstacle to rapid settlement, as well as a lingering timidity in regard to the Indians. But there were some persons so situated that they were disposed to brave every obstacle in order to obtain a home for their families.

The first of these was Jacob Buswell, or Bussell as his de-

**Williamson's Hist. Maine* II, 371. Gen. Preble removed to Portland, and was a prominent patriot.

†*Me. Hist. Coll.* V. 376.

‡ *Williamson's Maine* II. 478.

§ *Whipple's Acadia* 81.

scendants prefer to pronounce the name. He was probably originally from Salisbury, Mass., and had been a soldier in an expedition to Canada, in which his health had suffered. He was poor. He had a wife and nine children. He was a hunter, fisher, boatbuilder and cooper.

This region abounded in game and fish, and was inviting to pioneers such as he. A title to the soil did not probably disturb his contemplations. The title to any game or fish he might obtain, he did not fear would be called in question. Whether the rule "necessity knows no law," had any influence in regard to his acts or not, he took up a spot of ground upon the top of the hill overlooking the river just below the rocks of Champlain, and erected a log cabin thereon; and this was the first dwelling, and his was the first English family known to have been established within the limits of Bangor.* To Jacob Buswell belongs the hônor of having been our pioneer inhabitant, one hundred years ago.†

It is a circumstance, perhaps worthy of note, that the religious order that first had establishments upon this river, and probably at this place, more than two centuries ago, and was superceded and for a time almost obliterated—the Roman Catholic—has now a permanent church structure almost upon the very spot which was occupied by the temporary dwelling of our Protestant pioneer inhabitant.

The loneliness of Buswell's family was relieved in the spring of 1770, by the arrival of his son Stephen, with his new wife, Lucy Grant, and by Caleb Goodwin, with his wife and eight children, from Castine.—Goodwin was originally from Bowdoinham.—These new-comers built cabins a little southerly of Jacob Buswell's, between that and the Bangor Bridge. In the

* "Jacob Buswell lived in a log house on the declivity less than half a mile above Kenduskeag Point, perhaps 200 paces southerly of Newbury St., and 130 paces from the banks of the Penobscot river, not far from a spring. Here he lived two years or more. *Williamson's Annals.*
The spring is now covered and concealed.

† Mr. Williamson in a manuscript entitled "*Annals of Bangor,*" a copy of which is in possession of the Me. Historical Soc., says that there should be a correction of the statement in his Hist. of Maine, Vol. 1, p. 552, that Stephen Buswell was the first settler of Bangor. He is satisfied that Jacob was the first settler, and that Stephen came in the succeeding spring.

year 1770, the population of Bangor consisted of about a score of souls.*

But the immigration that, perhaps as much as any other in the century left its impress upon Bangor, was that of 1771–2. The individuals who came—chiefly with families—were Thomas Howard, Jacob Dennet,† Simon Crosby, Thomas, John and Hugh Smart,‡ brothers, Andrew Webster,‖ Joseph Rose, David Rowell,§ Solomon and Silas Harthorn and Joseph Mansel. Most of these came from Woolwich and Brunswick, in this State.

They took up lands at various points, having faith that at some time they should obtain a title to them. Their faith was well founded. The titles of all were eventually established, and that of one at least—Simon Crosby—is now in his descendants of the third and fourth generation.

These immigrants had various occupations, and their characters were as different as their occupations. Some were of the puritan stamp, and their excellent lives and example had an influence upon the community. All were industrious and enterprising. Howard established himself upon the estate now owned by Hon. J. W. Carr.¶ Crosby took the estate now owned by his descendants, near the Hampden line; Dennet, the lot where the Central Railway Station is; Rose, a lot near Treat's Falls; Rowell, a lot further up the river, and the Smarts, lots near the sites of the First Parish Meeting House, First Baptist Meeting

*Four of Stephen Buswell's descendants were present at the Celebration. Three are residents of Argyle, where their ancestor died, and one was from Boston. Isaac, a son of Jacob, was a Revolutionary pensioner; he died in Cherryfield. Jacob died in Orono.

† "A shipwright, thick-set, thick lips, grum voice, industrious, honest and generous. His wife [Thos. Smart's sister, and the sister of Capt. James Budge] was a very sensible woman. They had a large family; one daughter married John Bragg and one Maj. Trafton," [father of Rev. Mark Trafton]. *Williamson's Annals.*

‡ "They went to sea and owned a coaster together. Thos. was captain, John and Hugh sometimes went trips with their brother. They talked large and were disposed to be "bullies". Hugh was never married. He died at sea; the others at home." *Ib.*

‖ Died at Stillwater. His children were Richard, Daniel, Ebenezer (Col.) Andrew, James, Elijah and Wm. Hasey's wife [mother of Andrew W. and Elijah W. Hasey]. *Ib.*

§Some of his descendants are in Eddington and Bradley.

¶Mr. Howard first built a cabin near the river. About 87 years ago he built the house on State Street which is now in possession of his descendant, Miss Hannah F. Howard.

House and Morse's Hill. Andrew Webster built his cabin at the intersection of Main and Water Streets.

The Harthorns, who were from Worcester, Mass., established themselves upon "The Plains," just above Mt. Hope, where some of their descendants now live. They initiated the business which from that day to this has been the business of Bangor. They employed Mansel, who was a millwright, from Scituate, Mass.,* to build a sawmill at the mouth of the Penjejawock stream, a little way below Mt. Hope, and made it quite a centre of business.

It would have been a great convenience to the people if they had built a gristmill also, for they were obliged to convey their corn for grinding, by water, to a mill a little way above Fort Point. But they usually avoided this labor by pulverizing their corn in mortars until the year 1776, when Benj. Wheeler erected a gristmill upon the Souadabscook stream, in Hampden.

1772–3.

James Dunning† came from Brunswick in 1772 or 3, and took the lot on the westerly side of the Kenduskeag, at its confluence with the Penobscot. Robert Treat came the same year, and built his cabin at the foot of Newbury street.

The first death in Bangor was that of a Mr. Cotton, in 1771. The first marriage is supposed to have been in Jacob Buswell's family. The first birth was that of Mary, daughter of Thomas Howard, and mother of our fellow citizen, Capt. John A. Mayhew. She was born June 30, 1771. The important event of the year 1773, was the establishment of the first school in Bangor. Miss Abigail Ford applied herself to the instruction of

*His father, John Mansell, came from London, married in Scituate, had four sons and eight daughters. Joseph did duty at Machias, as a Lieut., 6 months after Penobscot was taken. After his return to Penobscot, before the war closed, a militia company was formed of all the able bodied men on both sides of the river from Souadabscook upwards. James Ginn, of Orrington, was Capt.; Mansell Lieut. After the war, a division was made. Capt. Edw. Wilkins commanded below Penjejawock, and Mansell above. When Wilkins resigned, Capt. Jas. Budge succeeded him. Mansell resigned in 1799. *Williamson's Annals.*

†His descendants are among the principal inhabitants of Charleston, in this [Penobscot] county.

children in a log house upon the flat, near Treat's Falls. Let the name of the first teacher be remembered—Abigail Ford.[*]

Before the close of the year 1773, there were thirty families in Kenduskeag Plantation, which extended from Souadabscook Stream to Stillwater, then called Deadwater.†

New Worcester was a name applied to the territory now embraced by the towns of Brewer, Orrington and Holden. Its first inhabitant was John Brewer, in about 1770. He resided on the Segeundedunk Stream, where Brewer Village now is. Capt. James Budge, formerly of Medford, Mass., removed from Castine to the northerly part of New Worcester in 1772, and built a sawmill on the Mantawassuck Stream.‖ He afterward removed to Bangor and became the owner of the lot of one hundred acres, embracing the "Point" which for him, for a long period, was called "Budge's Point." He carried on the lumber business quite extensively, and run masts and timber in rafts to Castine for shipment.

Hampden, below the Souadabscook Stream, was at first a part of Frankfort. It was settled about 1770.§ Benjamin Wheeler was the first inhabitant. His locality was near "High

*"Thomas Goldthwait, son of him of the same name who commanded at Ft. Pownall, had a trading house near the mouth of the Kenduskeag. Being a tory he did not remain after the first sign of war was manifest." *Williamson's Annals.*

†"The place was first called 'Deadwater'; but one Owen Madden, a discharged soldier from Burgoyne's army, who had been stationed at Stillwater, N. Y. changed the name from *Dead* to *Still*, as a better sound. He was a schoolmaster in Bangor and Orono. He was at times accustomed to drink intoxicating liquors to excess, but he was well educated, and possessed a good disposition." *Williamson's Annals.*

‖"He was a thick-set man; a ready and fluent speaker." *Williamson's Annals.* He has several descendants in this city and vicinity. The wife of Dr. Isaac Jacobs is a daughter, and the oldest person living who was born in Bangor. She is 87 years old.

§It is claimed, in Hampden, that that town was settled before Bangor, say in 1767. It may be so, but in the letter of Elihu Hewes, referred to, (dated 9th June, 1775,) is the following statement: "I live on Penobscott River about twenty-three miles above Fort Pownall; the settlement very New, the first Man that Pitched in my Neighborhood has not been there more than five years. 'Tis true Cap'n Jona'n Buck began near ten years ago, but he lives not much more than eight miles above the Fort, the Inhb'ts being settled for above twenty miles above him."—*Mass. Archives*, Vol. 193, pp. 338-343. Elihu Hewes was the first Town Clerk of Hampden. Several of his descendants are in Hermon.

"I suspect that in the early settlement of the country, say as long ago as 1776, there were, for the purposes of taxation, two districts, the upper and the lower—that Hampden was incorporated in 1784, covering the settlement of Marsh Bay, and north to Wheeler's Mills, and that the country below retained the old name of Frankfort—that when Frankfort was incorporated, (1789,) it took from Hampden all south of Waldo's line, and to the mountains, leaving the old set-

Head," and was called Wheelerborough. Joshua Eayers was the first inhabitant of Orono. Jeremiah Colburn settled there soon afterward.

The first framed house, in Bangor, was built by the Harthorns for Jedediah Preble, before the Revolution. It was situated on the bank of the Penobscot, a few rods south of Penjejawock stream. It was at first occupied by Capt. Jameson, as a tavern, and was the first hotel in Bangor. It was afterward occupied by Maj. Robert Treat. It will be recollected by many as the residence of the late Wm. Forbes, Esq. It was at first probably occupied as a truck-house, as those trading houses were called where the government kept their stores to be bartered with the Indians and others, for furs and other commodities. Preble was the first truckmaster. He was very unpopular with the Indians, and they made great efforts to have him removed, and to have Jonathan Lowder,* a late gunner at Fort Pownall, substituted. They accused him, to the Provincial Congress, of lying in bed until ten o'clock; of treating them with great indifference, going away and leaving them waiting a day at a time for their supplies, thus affording their young men an opportunity to indulge in the pastime of getting drunk.†

There is a tradition, that the beautiful daughter of this great truckmaster, became enamored of a splendid young Tarratine chief, and, having procured fitting costumes, made arrangements to take up her abode with him, in the wilderness. The plot coming to the knowledge of her father, he incarcerated her in the "donjon-keep" of the truck house, until he had an opportunity to remove her to his friends in the west.‡

tlement of Frankfort at Sandy Point, and balance to Belfast." "In Oct., 1784, this territory, [extending from Belfast up the river so as to include the Widow Wheeler's Mills, on the Souadabscook stream,] was called Wheelerboro."—*Gen. Jedediah Herrick's letter to Dr. John Mason, March* 21, 1845.

*Jona. Lowder was Gunner, and Jed'h Preble Truckmaster, at Ft. Pownall, in 1774.—*Boston Register* of 1775.

†*Mass. Archives*, Vol. 144, p. 336.

‡"Mr. Preble was a great tory. On the way to the enemy's vessel in a boat, approaching a prominent place at or beyond Castine and attempting to land upon it, the sea being rough, his leg was caught between the boat and the rock and crushed. He managed to draw himself upon the rock, where he died. Having means of writing, he detailed his sufferings and repented his course. The writing was found on him. Preble was quite enterprising."—*Williamson's Annals.*

1771748

The Indians were not desirable neighbors. From pity or from fear they were considerably indulged, and made themselves disagreeably familiar. They made free to enter the cabins of the settlers at all times, by day and by night,—forcing their doors when fastened,—to appropriate such food as they could lay their hands upon, and to occupy the most comfortable places, extending themselves upon the floor, with their feet upon the hearth towards the fire, without regard to the occupation of the good house-wife, or the comfort of the family, sometimes even crowding them aside, if in the way. Although they had a wholesome respect for the power of the whites, yet they did not hesitate to take advantage of timidity or good nature, to satisfy their wants.

The wife of Mr. Thomas Howard related this anecdote:

"One morning an Indian entered her house and offered her a ninepence to provide him with a breakfast. She had hardly got it ready, upon a barrel in a corner of the room, before another Indian rushed in and seizing her hungry customer they both fell upon the floor together. The assailant, getting the other face downward, stood upon his shoulders and taking his tuft of hair in his hands pulled and twisted it with such violence that she feared he would dislocate his neck. While this scene was taking place, a third Indian came in and fell to devouring the breakfast. Mrs. Howard remonstrated, saying it was for his brother. He replied "Humph, berry good fight!" and dispatching the breakfast, went his way, leaving his discomfited brother to digest the fight instead of the breakfast.*

When Champlain visited the Penobscot, these people were

*"Mrs. Howard says, before the Revolutionary war, the Indians used to threaten that they meant to drive the settlers off from their lands, but after hostilities commenced, they professed great friendship for the Americans, and went down to Bagaduce, to join them against the British. But after the British drove the Americans up, in the repulse and defeat of 1779, many of the savages turned upon the settlers, and plundered their houses all the way up the river. Some of the Indians were killed; among them 'White Francis' and 'Osson.' At one time, by day or night, for years after the first settlement, they would burst open the doors to come in and warm themselves. When the occupants were up, the Indians would turn them from the fire and warm themselves. Sometimes they would lie down and sleep with their feet toward the fire. They would steal and eat anything that was cooked and in sight, but stole nothing but provisions. They were chaste, and no Indian was ever known to offer violence to a female."—*Williamson's Annals.*

clad in the skins of wild beasts. After a century and a half of contact with Europeans they had accustomed themselves to the coarse blankets of civilization, but their customs were still barbarous long after the visit of Governor Pownall. The heads of the men were shorn of the hair, except a single tuft upon the crown. The women wore jewels in their ears and noses, and the betrothed "young ladies," for sometime previous to their marriage, wore "one blue stocking and one red one," as a publication of the intention.

As has been intimated, the religious element existed among the first settlers of Bangor. This element was not allowed to decline. The missionary was welcomed; and Mr. Ripley, who was the first, found that his services were appreciated on both sides of the river.*

Rude indeed were the places of worship of those early Christians. When the weather was propitious, the barns were used as churches. When the cold and the snows came, the log cabin shielded them in their devotions.†

In consequence of some domestic infelicity, Dr. John Herbert wandered here from the west in 1774. He was the first physician. He was a religious man and presided and exhorted in the public meetings. Possessing various accomplishments, he taught the children in the Penjejawock neighborhood in the common studies, and in writing and singing. His professional services were often rendered without fee or reward. For five years, this good man devoted himself to the moral and intellectual improvement of the people until 1779, when his son traced him here, and took him home to die.‡

Rumors of Revolutionary movements did not linger on their way to this remote region. The Boston Massacre, and the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor had taken place since the arrival of the first inhabitant. The people here were as

**Williamson's Annals.*

†Prof. Shepard's Sermon.

‡Williamson's Annals.

patriotic as elsewhere, their temper may be understood from this incident, related by Capt. Mansel:

The largest oak in the neighborhood, stood not far from where the westerly end of the Bangor Bridge now is. Some high liberty men trimmed it of its lower branches and named it "The Liberty Tree," and meeting with one David Rogers, a sea captain, one of those traitorous, pig-headed persons that are always croaking against the cause of their country when it is in trouble, took him to the tree and declared their intention to hang him unless he would swear to be true to his country. He refused. Whereupon they procured a rope, and, having fortified all around with New rum, proceeded to carry their threat into execution. Finding they were in earnest, he retracted and took the required oath.*

1775.

In a letter from the Penobscot River (Wheelerborough) to the President of the Provincial Congress, Joseph Warren, in 1775, the writer (Elihu Hewes,) says:

"The people here, I am confident, will support it (the Revolutionary cause) to the last moment of their lives, being willing in general to encounter any difficulty [rather] than to yield to that Band of Tyranny whose plodding pates have long projected methods to enslave us.†"

In 1775, the news of the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill created a great sensation in the community but neither of these events was the occasion of so much anxiety as the dismantling of Fort Pownall by Mowatt, in April of the same year.

This fortification was felt to be a protection against the savages, and it was feared that, when the news of its unserviceableness should reach Canada, the hordes that had gone there on its erection,‡ would return and ravage the country. This fear was groundless. Canada had long since become an English

*Williamson's Annals.

†Mass. Archives, 1775.

‡ Williamson's Maine, II. 418.

Province. The French had ceased to be a power in the country, and could no longer influence the savages against their old enemy. Besides, from the last fifteen years experience, the Indians found that it was for their interest to live on terms of friendship with the people who had control of the country. Therefore, instead of rejoicing at the removal of the guns and ammunition from the fort, the Penobscots were greatly exasperated against Capt. Goldthwait for permitting it.*

After the breaking out of the Revolution, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts lost no time in securing these Indians in the interest of America. In June, (1775,) they recognized their claim to territory extending from the head of the tide up both sides of the river six miles, forbade trespass thereon, and promised to supply them with ammunition, provisions and goods, at a reasonable price, and to protect them from imposition.†

In September, two of the chiefs of the St. John tribe appeared at the truck house at Penobscot Falls, and had the services of Jonathan Lowder in writing a letter to the Provincial Congress, in which they say that their tribe are resolved to stand together with the Penobscot Indians, "and oppose the people of old England that are endeavoring to take your and our liberties from us."‡

The Provincial Congress sent Capt. John Lane to raise a company from the Penobscots to join in the war. There was among the Indians, at this time, a man of low instincts and morals, of the name of Andrew Gilman,§ who was useful as

**Mass. Archives*, 1775.

†*Kidder's Eastern Maine*, 53.

‡*Kidder's Eastern Maine*, 55.

§"He [Gilman] originated in York Co. or vicinity, was inferior in mind and stature, although he had some vivacity and cunning. His influence with the Indians was the only cause of his being made lieutenant. He spoke the Indian language as well as a native, dressed in the Indian costume, and hunted and traded with the Indians. Was never married, but was the father of a son by a native. At this time he was about 50 years old. Before the close of the war, he with one Peol and his squaw and son, 9 or 10 years old, went hunting near Pushaw Lake. Gilman claimed half the fur. The Indian claimed two-thirds, because of the services of his squaw and son in skinning and cooking the game, &c. Gilman settled the quarrel in this way: He procured a keg of rum, and two reckless fellows from the river, had a carouse, killed the Indian and took all the fur. The mother and boy saw the whole from behind a stump, where they were concealed. The murderers were arrested and committed to jail in Pownalboro. A story was circulated among the Indians that the trial was to be a week later than it was, therefore no witnesses appeared and the murderers were discharged. Gilman never returned to Penobscot."—*Williamson's Annals.*

an interpreter. He was at Boston with Orono* and some other chiefs and they all offered their services to the government. In 1776, a company, consisting of twenty white men and ten Indians, was organized. Gilman was made commanding Lieutenant, and Joseph Mansell Orderly Sergeant. This was the first military organization, and a rude fort, at the angle of the roads just above Mt. Hope, was their headquarters. They acted as Rangers until the British occupied "Bagaduce," or Castine, in 1779.†

1779.

Castine was deemed by the British important as a military and naval station, and they took possession of it with three vessels of war this year and commenced building a fort.

It was here at this time that the celebrated Sir John Moore,‡ respecting whose heroic death, afterward in Spain, Wolfe wrote the stanzas beginning with the line:

"Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note,"

commenced his active military career and led the detachment that opposed the landing of the American troops, as a Lieutenant.

The American government, on learning of the occupation, sent a fleet of forty-three war and transport vessels, under Com. Saltonstall, with about a thousand men under Gen. Lovell, to dispossess the British. It was an imposing fleet, and the force

*Capt. Wm. Lowder, about 85 years old, son of the above Jona. Lowder, says, that Orono was doubtless white, and was stolen by the Indians when a child—that he died on his (Capt. L.'s) father's farm, just above Mt. Hope—that when about to die he asked his father for paper and ink—that he covered the paper with Indian characters and said, "great deal money buried, you get 'em and your papooses,"—then covering the palm of his hand with ink, he pressed it upon the paper as his signature,—that Orono was honest, kind-hearted and intelligent.

†*Williamson's Annals.*
Three companies of militia were stationed in the woods N. of Bagaduce to cut off supplies from the upper settlements, destined for the British forces at the siege. One of these was under Jos. Mansell, and the others were under two of the Grants.—*Herrick's letter to Dr. Mason.*

‡He was born in Scotland in 1761—obtained an ensigncy in the 51 Reg't of foot in 1776, [at 15 years of age], then quartered at Minorca, and served with that Reg't till he obtained a Lieutenancy in the 82d, commanded by Gen. Francis McLean. Went with him to N. America—was stationed for the greater part of the American war at Nova Scotia.—Went with the expedition to Penobscot, and at Castine, as he says, he first heard an enemy's gun fired. He afterwards commanded the British army in Spain and lost his life at Corunna." *Rees Encyc.*
He was but 18 when at Castine.

was sufficient to accomplish the work promptly. But owing to the jealousy, obstinacy or perfidy, of Saltonstall, the favorable moment was lost. Sir Geo. Collier arrived with re-inforcements for the British, and the American fleet was dispersed and totally destroyed. About twenty vessels escaped up the Penobscot, ten of which reached Bangor and were blown up by their crews near the mouth of the Kenduskeag.*

The crews landed on the Point, but the people, being few and poverty stricken, could make no provision for the crowd of hungry fugitives, and they hastily left, making their way through the wilderness to the Kennebec; some of them starving to death on the way.†

The destitution of the people of Bangor at this period was so great, that many, if not all, were compelled to subsist upon

*Collier wrote to the Admiralty that, when he sailed up the Bay, "the rebel fleet presented themselves to our view, drawn up in a crescent across the river, and seemed inclined to dispute our passage; their resolution, however, soon failed them, and an unexpected and ignominious flight took place. The Hunter, 18 guns and the swiftest sailer in America, was taken; the Defence [Defiance] 16, was blown up. The Hampden, 20 guns, taken. All the rest of the rebel fleet, amongst which was a beautiful frigate, called the Warren, of 32 guns, 18 and 12 pounders, together with 24 sail of transports, were all blown up and destroyed. General Lovell, who commanded the rebel army, and Com. Saltonstall the fleet, had fixed on this day [14 Aug.] to have made a general assault on the fort, and ships, which our appearance happily prevented." For the names of the ships of both fleets, see *Williamson's Maine*, II, pp. 470, 475, notes.

"The Sally was the first one burned [in the river] a little above what is now Carr's wharf. The Point was covered with American soldiers and mariners. The British followed to Brewer's Cove with a ship, and sent their boats or barges to the head of the tide, hunting for plunder. Sam'l Kenney, who resided not far from the ferry-way, on the eastern side of the river, an arrant tory, had collected at a house not far from Col. Brewer's, a great quantity of pork and beef taken from the settlers. Of this he informed Capt. Mowatt, commander of the squadron, who coming to view it, blamed Kenney, and told him to take the salt from his (Mowatt's) tender, immediately salt the whole, and give a barrel to each one from whom he had taken provisions. Jedediah Preble, a tory, lived in the house first built by the Harthorns. Solomon Harthorn was a news carrier to the British. John Lee, of Bagaduce, was a noted tory. He told Thomas Howard, when news of peace arrived, he 'had rather America had been sunk than not been conquered by the British.' Lee was afterward Collector of Customs at Castine."—*Williamson's Annals.*

About thirty years afterwards, a Mr. Clifford came to Bangor with a small schooner and a diving bell. He raised "less than thirty of the cannon and a few tons of balls from the bed of the river. When first exposed to the air the iron of the guns was so soft that it could be about as easily cut with a knife as a common lead pencil, and then it entirely resembled black lead in appearance. On each succeeding day it became so much harder as to be entirely impervious to the knife in four or five days of exposure."—"*Remarks relative to the Settlement of Bangor,*" *by Jacob McGaw, Esq., in possession of Me. Hist. Soc.*

Capt. Mansell says that Gen. McLean, who first had command of the British troops at Bagaduce, "was a cool, deliberate man, that he was succeeded by Col. Campbell, a violent, passionate fellow. Mowatt, who burned Falmouth, commanded the naval force at Bagaduce. He was of medium size, forty or forty-five years old; had a fresh countenance, and was of good appearance. He wore a blue coat with lighter colored blue facings, and had his hair powdered." *Williamson's Annals.*

†*Williamson's Maine*, II, 476.

fish, sometimes boiled with sorrel to improve the flavor. Wheat was from $50 to $75 per bushel; corn $35; molasses $16 per gallon, and the herb that gave inspiration to the Revolution, $19 per pound.*

The British, being now secure in their possession of Bagaduce, extended their rule over the adjoining country. It was exercised with severity. Many tories had flocked hither from the West, and indulged their petty spite in persecuting the patriots, burning the houses of sturdy old Joseph Page, of Penjejawock, and James Nichols, of Eddington Bend, because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain. Some weak persons took the oath, and were employed at Castine, by the British, at low wages. Others who refused to take the oath were compelled to labor there. Some, on both sides of the river, being unable to endure the oppressions and privations, removed to Kennebec.†

1780.

We can imagine the sufferings of the beleaguered people upon the Penobscot during the British occupancy of Castine. Almost wholly isolated from the world; with the river closed by the enemy; with want staring them in the face, and a wide and pathless wilderness on every side, their feeling of desolation must have been terrible. We cannot wonder that in 1780, when the "dark day" shut down upon them, and the obscurity was so great that business was suspended, and lighted candles were required at noon-day, with the superstitions that then prevailed, the ignorant should have fancied that the Day of Doom was at hand.

But these terrors were to have an end. The darkness lifted; the sun again appeared, glorious precursor of the great events that followed.

1781–2–3.

Cornwallis surrendered Oct. 19, 1781. The British government resolved to prosecute the war no further, March 4th,

*"$6 for a shirt, $7 for a pair of shoes, $5 a pound for beef."—*Ib.* 466. This was in "currency."

†*Williamson's Maine*, II, 478.

1782. The treaty of Paris, determining the boundaries of the United States, was signed Sept. 3d, 1783.

With the barriers to their intercourse with the world removed, and being no longer subject to an odious surveillance, the inhabitants renewed their labors with energy. Some of those who, under the pressure of the war, had left, returned; new immigrants came, and Kenduskeag Plantation assumed the appearance of thrift. The fisheries were valuable, timber was abundant and excellent, and the great business of the region was entered upon with vigor.*

The missionary again appeared. Rev. Daniel Little, of Wells, visited the place several times and gave his attention to the spiritual wants of the people and administered the ordinance of baptism.†

1786.

Rev. Seth Noble, a native of Westfield, Mass., came in 1786, with his wife and three little children. He had done patriot service under Col. John Allan, in Nova Scotia, and at Machias, where he preached a sermon on the event of the repulse of Sir George Collier in his attack upon that place in 1777.‡

There was no organized church in the plantation, but the people wanted a settled religious teacher and engaged Mr. Noble at a stipend of £100 a year. He was installed under some ancient oaks near the corner of Oak and Washington Streets.§ Mr. Little and himself were the only ministers pres-

*M'Gaw's Remarks. "On public days and on the 4th of July after the Revolution, there used to be horse-racing on the Plains, especially near the 'Punkin Tavern' [in Veazie.] One Tobias Trafton, in running a horse, by means of a dog running across the road, was thrown and killed."—*Williamson's Annals.*

†"One Oliver Noble preached a few Sabbaths. Afterwards Mr. Little came again, and during each visit baptised several children."—*Williamson's Annals.*

‡*Kidder's Eastern Maine*, 92, 99, 110, 129.

§"Sept. 7th, 1785. Went down this forenoon to Capt. Brewer's to rest myself previous to the Instalment. Lodged at Capt. Gin's, because of a large company of Western Surveyors.

8. Spent the forenoon in writing off my Indian Vocabulary.

9. Spent this day at Capt. [Smart's?] Wrote on my Vocabulary. In the afternoon Mr. Noble came to see me, and said that Mr. Powers could not come, but advised the instalment to go on.

10. Mr. Noble has in the orchard a long Platform suspended on boards, and a large number of shading oaks.

The church in private gave Mr. Noble a call to the Pastoral office, and voted that, considering the great trouble and expense of convening a Council, I should induct him into office—which I did in the presence of a large assembly—Gave him a pastoral charge, and the right hand of fellowship. The people are satisfied without offering any objections. Returned to Mr. Noble's to lodge."—*Rev. Daniel Little's Journal of his Mission East in* 1786.

ent. He preached the sermon, and Mr. Little gave the Charge and the Right Hand of Fellowship. He administered the Lord's Supper to Thomas Howard, Andrew Webster, Simon Crosby and their wives, of Kenduskeag Plantation, and to John Brewer and Simeon Fowler, of New-Worcester Plantation, who were all members of churches in other places, and, says the chronicler, "the prosperity and respectability of all their children are circumstances worthy of especial note."*

1790.

To Mr. Noble our city is indebted for its name.† The story is familiar. Through some means—his instrumentality it may be, as he had resided in a precinct bearing the name—Kenduskeag Plantation came to be called Sunbury, and in 1790, the people requested him to procure from the General Court an act of incorporation of the town with that name. Mr. Noble was an excellent singer, and the solid old minor tune of Bangor was a favorite with him. (The minor key was then popular, perhaps from the nature of the times.) It occurred to him that that name for the town would be more satisfactory than Sunbury, and it was inserted in the charter. He was not disappointed. But no one at that time dreamed that there would be a future fitness in the name from the fact that an important article of its exports would resemble that of its celebrated namesake on the other side of the ocean, as it does.‡

Mr. Noble* was a very genial person and possessed much

**Williamson's Annals.*

†The name of Orrington, it is said, originated in this way. At a meeting of the people of the settlement, Parson Noble was present, and was delegated to procure an act of incorporation of the town. Upon inquiring by what name, Capt. James Ginn, the Clerk of the meeting, suggested that it be Orangetown, the name of his native town. The suggestion was approved, and the Capt., who, though a good penman, was deficient in orthography, in his record of the vote, spelled it Orrington. The Parson, partly from waggishness, and partly because of the originality of the name, allowed the orthography to remain; it is so inserted in the charter, and no disposition has since been manifested to amend it. Ginn, while a resident here, bought a slave woman and her child in Massachusetts.

‡Slates are a large and increasing article of export from this city. Bangor in Maine is destined to be as great a slate mart as Bangor in Wales. The supply in Piscataquis Co. is inexhaustible.

*He is described as a man "thin-faced, spare, not tall, of light complexion and of fresh countenance." He was active, quick, smart and nervous, and was a very good preacher. He was between 40 and 50 years of age when he came to Kenduskeag. He had been a Methodist, but became a Congregation-

versatility of talent. It was said of him, by the venerable Dea. Wm. Boyd,* that "one would think, when he was out of the pulpit, he never should have entered it, and when he was in the pulpit, he ought never to leave it."

The town was incorporated in 1791. Mr. Noble remained here until near the close of the century. He was settled in Montgomery, Mass., from 1801 to 1806, and afterward went to Ohio, where he died, in 1807.†

There were several mechanics in Bangor who had not had an opportunity to exercise their trades. The incorporation of the town induced to new enterprises and their skill was in requisition. Major Treat, who had for many years carried on a successful traffic with the Indians just below the Penjejawock,

alist. Late in the fall, while he was here, a vessel, having on board, among others, Mr. Noble's oldest son, young Robert Treat and Sylvia Knapp, all of Bangor, and bound from here to Boston, was wrecked on House Island, in the midst of a thick and cold snow storm, and the passengers were lost. On a subsequent Sabbath Mr. Noble preached a most pathetic discourse, from the text, 'Is it well with thy husband; is it well with thy child; is it well with thee? And she said, "It is well."' He was quite gifted in prayer, and often very eloquent in his sermons. He preached with notes, and sometimes they were pretty old. His habits were not correct; he was too intemperate for a minister, and not only the small salary which he received, but his moral obliquity in a different respect from that above referred to, caused him to leave Kenduskeag." * * "Dea. Boyd came to Bangor in 1791. He says Mr. Noble was too light in his conversation, and did not sustain the gravity becoming a minister. He would take a dram with almost any one who invited him, would laugh and tell improper anecdotes." * "When he had been in the plantation about a year, a vote was passed to build a meeting-house 40 by 35 feet; but it was not built."—*Williamson's Annals.*

"His head [was] covered with a white and remarkable wig. He was evangelical in his doctrine and faithful in his preaching—as one remarked of him, he unsheathed the sword of the spirit and turned the point upon the hearer. It is somewhat singular, that, though he was thus earnest and direct in his preaching, and continued to preach the truth for the space of eleven years over his broad parish, which comprehended what is now Bangor, Brewer, Holden, Orrington and Hampden, there is no evidence that in all that time there was a single conversion. If any, they were still-born, never saw the light and never shed any light."—*Prof. Geo. Shepard's Sermon, "Early Religious Hist. of Bangor and Vicinity."*

He built a house S. of State St., between Newbury street and the Howard place, in which he lived. He patronized Mr. Robert Treat's store largely; the principal article of charge against him upon Mr. Treat's books was rum. He was probably induced to come here by reason of a Resolve of Mass. of June 24, 1785, giving him as "one of the refugees from Nova Scotia" 300 acres of land. *See East. Resolves*, p. 36.

"He was an ardent patriot. He proposed in a letter to Gen. Washington a plan for the capture of Western Nova Scotia, including the St. John river, urging its importance and offering to take any position. Washington refused for want of men. *Kidder's Eastern Maine*, 129. *n.*

*He was from Bristol, Me. "In *seculars*, Mr. Boyd was a ship-carpenter, and, in the summer of 1791, built and launched near the Red Bridge, the first vessel ever built on the Penobscot above the Bay." [This was the Treat ship.]—*Prof. Shepard's Sermon.*

Jacob Dennet and Nath'l. Harlow were also concerned, as mechanics, in building that ship.

†*Allen's Biog. Dict.* 640.

gave these mechanics employment in building a ship, in that neighborhood, which was completed in two years. This was the first sailing vessel larger than a boat ever built in Bangor, or (it is said) above Fort Point.

In 1795, a saw-mill was erected by William Hammond and John Smart, near the head of the tide on the Kenduskeag. A mill had been previously built at the fall near "Lover's Leap," by Wm. Potter.

1800.

The first thirty years of Bangor's existence were not favored by a large growth in population or wealth. The population in 1800 was but 277,* and not one inhabitant had a title to his land. The title was in Massachusetts. But in March, 1801, the General Court passed a resolve providing that each settler prior to 1784, or his legal representatives, should have a title to his lot of 100 acres on the payment of five dollars, and each settler between 1784 and 1798, or his representative, should have a title to his lot of one hundred acres on the payment of one hundred dollars. The resolve provided also for the survey of Bangor, and its division into lots. This work was performed by Park Holland, Esq., who made a plan to which reference now is frequently made, although few, if any, of these lots retain their original proportions.

The beginning of the century was auspicious for Bangor. Its position at the head of the tide waters of an important river, and in the center of an extensive territory, attracted the attention of enterprising men in Massachusetts, and there was soon an addition to its population of many sound practical citizens who immediately took an interest in its affairs of which they had control during a large part of the first half of the century. The names of many of these men are fresh in our memories.

The effect of this immigration was very soon felt. The first settlers found frequent opportunities to sell their lands. Business was concentrated upon the banks of the Kenduskeag. House lots were laid out, and the nucleus of the city was commenced.

*In 1792, the year after the town was incorporated, the population was 169.—*Allen's Biog. Dict.* 610.

The growth of the town during the first quarter of the century was very irregular. A fatal epidemic* in 1809–10, the embargo, the war of 1812, and the cold seasons of 1815 and 1816,† had a detrimental effect. But against all obstacles, all calamities, and notwithstanding all evil auguries, it kept on its way.

It was incorporated as a city in 1834. The details of its history during this century are for the historian that is to come.

Fellow citizens, what is to be the future of our city?

By a parallel, which is not altogether inappropriate, we may form some estimate of its future substantial growth.

Boston—a city of which we, as New Englanders, have every reason to be proud—was founded in the wilderness in 1630. At the expiration of its first century, it contained about 12,000 inhabitants. Its average increase was about 1200 in a decade, or 120 in a year. At the expiration of its second century, in 1830, it contained about 61,000 inhabitants, an increase of about 49,000, averaging about 4900 in a decade, or 490 in a year. Early in its third century it commenced, and has ever since been extending, its railway communications, and its population in the next thirty years had increased to about 178,000—a gain of 117,000—an average of 39,000 in a decade, or 3,900 in a year.

Bangor was founded in the wilderness in 1769. At the expiration of its first century it has a population of about 20,000 —an average growth of about 2,000 in a decade, or 200 in a year. It commences its second century with a population more than half as large again as Boston had at the commencement of its second century, with similar railway enterprises to those with which Boston commenced its third century, intending communication soon with the eastern British Provinces, and with Aroos-

†Col. Joshua Lane, says, that from one point in Hampden, he counted at one time 18 houses in each of which was the dead body of at least one victim of this awful distemper. It was a plague as rapid and fatal as the cholera, and if possible more terrible from the condition in which it left the dead.

*Snow fell in June, and the cold was so intense, that birds dropped dead and were found in large numbers frozen. A great hegira of the people to Ohio took place, although many afterwards regretted that they left, and some families returned, satisfied that they had lost by the change. There has been no so cold season since, and some who imagined that the miasmas, fevers and agues and other discomforts, of the West were preferable to the healthy, invigorating climate of their native Maine, have been taught better by experience.

took, over the European and North American Railway,* and, at no distant day, with the Canadas and the great West, over the extension† of the Piscataquis Railway, and with other growing parts of the country by railways now contemplated. Why should we not have an average growth by the expiration of the 19th century,—in thirty years—half as great as that of Boston? But with a quarter of that average, the population of Bangor in 1900, will be 50,000, and, at the expiration of its second century, 120,000, double that of Boston at the expiration of its second century.

What is to be the future of our city? Cast your eyes upon the map of Maine,—scan the extent of its territory—nearly as large as that of all New England besides,—trace its wonderful coast with its capacious bays and secure harbors,—inferior to none in the world,—follow its innumerable water courses, with their waiting powers, examine its fruitful soil, its inexhaustible quarries of marble and slate‡ and granite, its mines of silver, of lead and of iron; without taking into account its forests and its fisheries, it is a state of vast resources. Look then to the points which must be its business and commercial centers. That Bangor must continue to be one who can doubt? At the head of ship navigation of the great Penobscot, with its winter port—its Piræus—at only half an hour's distance by railway, with the business of thousands of miles of territory that must inevitably fall to it—with its lines of railway bringing to it commodities from the extremest parts of the country, and distributing its merchandise among innumerable thriving towns and villages, with its manufactures ere long to be established, with its facilities for transportation by sea to all parts of the world and with the great enterprise of its people, it must be a great business and commercial center.

*Within two years the traveler from New York will be able by the railway to reach Halifax, from whence he will have an ocean voyage of only six days to Europe; and it is predicted, that, within ten years, a railway will traverse Newfoundland, from whence the voyage will be but four days to Europe.

†Already agitated.

‡The slate of Piscataquis county that is marketed at Bangor is inexhaustible, and is reputed, for its color, tenacity, and beauty, to be the best in the world. It is becoming rapidly known in the market, and, since the building of the Piscataquis Railway, new quarries are opening.

In reviewing the history of our city from the time when Jacob Buswell planted his rude cabin upon the hill-side, we find it a history always of toil and, in its earlier days, of great hardships. So much as it has now of wealth, of beauty, of good report, comes from the industry, the good taste, the good sense and the integrity, of its people. Among its first comers were God-fearing men, whose influence has been felt in all the years,—working men, to whom is owing in a measure that respect for labor that has always existed here,—provident men and economical, hence the continued disposition to frown upon all extravagant expenditures,—hospitable men, and the trait of hospitality remains,—benevolent men, that their descendants have not forgotten this, let the contributions for the poor, for the orphans, for home and foreign charities, for the soldiers and for sanitary purposes in the time of the Rebellion, and for the many objects that constantly appeal to the sympathies, testify,—patriotic men, contributing in the days of its extreme weakness all their military strength to the cause of their country, undergoing persecutions and privations in its behalf, and, at a later day, sending with alacrity all its available force* to aid in saving the life of the nation when endangered by treason; and, liberty-loving men from the time when Great Britian attempted to suppress the first struggles of the country for freedom, to the time when tyrants sought to make slavery the "corner stone of the Republic."

Whatever of wealth, whatever of character Bangor possesses, are its own. Its citizens by birth and by adoption have *earned* what they have. Their possessions have not come to them by inheritance; they claim no special reputation from that of their ancestors. Their acquisitions are owing to their own efforts. Those who came hither from abroad—from Massachusetts, from New Hampshire, from the Oxford hills, and from Europe, came not with gold or with titles; but with strong hands, honest

*Bangor sent about 2700 of its citizens into the war of the Rebellion. The gallant 2d Maine Regt.,—Col's. Chas. D. Jameson, Chas. W. Roberts, and Geo. Varney, of Bangor,—and the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery,—Col. Daniel Chaplin, of Bangor, who was killed in battle,—were organized here. The former distingnished itself by its gallantry in the first battle of Bull Run, and the latter in the battles of the Wilderness.

hearts, firm faith and a determined will, and thrift has followed.

One hundred years! What one hundred years was ever so rich as that in which Bangor has had its existence? So full of events! In religion, in politics, in war, in law, in medicine, in public education, in morals, in literature, in science, in the arts, in mechanics, in trade, in the appliances of labor, there has been revolution upon revolution. How many astonished hands have been raised at some new phase, some new development; and how quietly, when the novelty has subsided, has the new order of things been submitted to!

When we consider how the stiff way of puritanism has been modified, the despotic sentiment humbled, the mode of warfare changed, the application of legal principles extended, the beneficial innovations in medical practice, the increase of scientific knowledge,—and here permit me to mention the names of Humboldt and Cuvier, born in the same year with Bangor,—the improvements in the fine and the mechanic arts, the enlargement of the fields of trade, the modification of toil by the application of machinery, the melioration of the educational system, the progress in morals, in literature, in taste, and in the observance of the laws health, we cannot but feel thankful that our day is in the century in which Bangor has lived.

And now, fellow citizens, with the warnings and examples of the past, with the encouragements of the present, and with the agreeable prospects of the future, let us thank God and take courage.

The address was listened to with marked attention during the hour and a half occupied in its delivery and was frequently and heartily applauded.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung, with accompaniment by the three bands, and the audience joining in the chorus.

The President then happily introduced Rev. Geo. E. Adams,

D. D., of Brunswick, who delivered in an admirable and appreciative manner the following Poem by Mrs. E. L. Crosby:

Sockabasin Swasson, &c.

PROLOGUE.

"Sockabasin Swasson!"
A party—pleasure-seekers all,
A rushing ride—a flying call—
An aboriginal—a trade,
After some discussion made.
Lingering a moment,
Latch uplifted, at the door,
"Might we ask one question more?
Would he favor us—his name?"
Soft the courteous answer came,
"Sockabasin Swasson."

"Sockabasin Swasson!"
'Twas a patronymic strange;
Took an unintended range,
Flashed away from island home
In the tangled woods to roam;
Waked the forest echoes:
Roused the Indian hunter—bold
Stealthy hunter—as of old
Never turned by flood or fell
From the path he know so well;
Stern Penobscot hunter,
Mentally resolving
Never would he, come what might,
Faint or fail by day or night,
Never eat or drink, or spread
For his limbs the branchy bed,
Till his barbed arrow
Reached the flying, panting deer,

Stayed the wolf in fierce career,
Never till it pierced the bear
Madly hastening to his lair,
Or the haughty eagle.

"Soçkabasin Swasson!"
Stood he with his handsome face,
Spoke he with a gentle grace,
While before our curious eyes
Driving bargains, merchant-wise,
Quite a civil sanop.
Not a single sign we saw,
Smoky wigwam, lazy squaw,
Tomahawk or scalping-knife,
Not a sign of savage life
(Only bows and baskets.)

In a quiet dwelling,
Not so very rude and small,
Competent for holding all
The family, fence around
Green, secluded, garden-ground,
There the man was living.
Came he at our sudden call,
Met us in his decent hall,
Showed his littte basketry
Like any christian, with an eye
To make a living profit.

While he slowly counted
I was fain to turn away;
For I seemed to hear him say
"This for that—and that for this—
One must ne'er a figure miss—
This to be deducted.
One must look about him when
He traffics with these gentlemen;
Words may be of love and law:

Hand may be the lion's paw
Told of in the story."

"Story?" had he read it?
Ah! some tales will never die.
Mingle they, all silently
With the ages, as they flow,
Tides of human joy or woe,
Heart's blood boiling.
Had he read it? It appears
Men have lived a hundred years,
Left they no tradition, pray
When from earth they passed away?
"Story?" Sure he knew it.

"Sockabasin Swasson!"
Dare I not, in sorry jest
Introduce him as your guest
On this occasion. Wide and far,
Quite another style of star
Messengers are seeking.
—So the consultation ran
I overheard—some aged man
Residing—haply in the West—
The very oldest, wisest, best
Ever born in Bangor.

Man who left the city—
"City?" "clearing" in the wood!
Hamlet in grim solitude!
Rugged land of frost and snow!
Doubting whereto this would grow.
Such a poor beginning—
For a more inviting sphere.
We forgive him—Year by year
Thereafter, with an earnest will
Toiled he onward, upward, still
Climbing higher, higher.

Have they found the hero
In his distant dwelling-place?
Let us see his honored face,
Let us see his hoary hair
Stirring in our summer air
Like a gleam of glory.
Cut down branches! strew the way!
Spread your banners! garlands gay!
Ready with your lusty cheer!
Sure the great man will appear,
Man so very kingly.

Bangor is on tip-toe.
Rings the bell, and sounds the horn,
Home! Come home! O eldest born,
Brave old boy, and Mother's pride,
Heart and arms are open wide,
Table standeth waiting.
Hark the train! but who are these?
They come by twos, they come by threes,
Respectable, you understand,
But not so very old and grand,
Not the man we wanted.

Search the mail bags! Nothing?
Not his autograph, which might
Declare he "pineth for the sight
Of his old home," and, o'er and o'er
"Nothing could delight him more,
Than your invitation."
Messages he might have sent,
Pleasant, timely compliment,
Wishes for our highest weal,
Anything that would reveal
Kindly recollection.

Not at all becoming
Let him be however grand,

On his dignity to stand,
Colder than his native clay.
Another time we shall not say
Much about his goodness.
And yet, speak gently. Poor old wight!
Perchance it was an oversight.
He is so old, so deaf, so blind,
Nay, very likely you will find
Not upon this planet.

Truth is, honor, glory,
Justice, love were his delight;
And having reached the top-most height
Of human virtue, he was fain
To stand upon the nobler plain
Of immortality.
That is he died—so long ago
That name or race we ne'er shall know,
And what he did to bring renown
To native state, or native town
Is lost from history.

Satisfied, he may be,
Have no fancy for our shows;
Yet we wonder if he knows
What changes fifty years have brought,
What man hath done, what God hath wrought
In the last century.
They say the blest immortals go
On travels. Who the truth may know?
However, just suppose the case,
He visiteth his native place,
Delegate from glory.

Does he like the picture?
Shall we hear the man exclaim
"How wonderful! Is this the same
Shivery, uninviting spot,

" With here a shanty, there a cot,
Store or two and saw-mill?
Rudimental roads that went
Zigzag up some steep ascent,
Scarcely resting, went up higher
Over precipices dire?
Such a tribulation

" For a man to be in!
Man and horse and load and all;
One can but ask what potent call
Induced the brave young pioneer
To fix his habitation here.
—Unless it was the river—
That from all its feeding rills,
Trickling down among its hills,
That from all its foamy falls,
Uttered then its joyous calls,
Come to brave Penobscot,

Never mind the climate,
Come, and triumph that before
Scarcely hath been dipped an oar
In these fresh waters. Watch my tide
And think what cargoes yet may ride
Down my kindly current.'
" It must have been the river. Not
Otherwise had e'er the spot
Been found, and Sockabasin still
Might rove his hunting-grounds at will,
Out and out a savage.

" Yes, it was the river.
Therefore, shall it be that while
To her fructifying Nile,
Egypt, in her vernal hours
Consecrateth lotus flowers,
Fresh and sweet oblation.

While the Hindoo cannot rest
Till somewhat he loveth best,
Mighty Ganges, of his grace
Allows his humble hand to place
Near his holy waters,

"While the Adriatic
—'Not a river'—do you say?
No better—hath her gala day
When Venice comes, in royal pride
To claim an ever radiant bride,
Ready and rejoicing,
Shall Penobscot ebb and flow
And the dolts beside her know
Not half her virtues? Bless her! she
Knows her place. You never see
This right honest river,

Like a crazy engine
Rushing madly here or there,
Just for dampness in the air.
Her rocky banks are steep and strong,
She works her work and sings her song—
'What about the freshet?'
"There was a freshet.* Such is fate—
Rivers may be unfortunate
Once in a hundred years, I trust,
And not lose character. We must
Not be too exacting."

'What about the winter?'
Depths of all his being stirred,
"Perish," saith he, every word
Frigid, heartless, cruel, sly,
Intended not to glorify
This Penobscot river.
Only second shall it stand

*That of 1846.

To that which in the better land
Serenely floweth. Happy they
Who dwell upon these banks to-day.
Those in the hereafter."

Visitor celestial,
Deeply musing, scanneth still
Bangor from her sunset hill.
"The half has not been told. To-day
I see old things have passed away;
Strong the new foundations
Have been laid for coming years;
And duly, frequently appears
A superstructure plainly meant
To be an age's monument.
Ah! the knotty question

Must have been decided
About the meeting-house;
'This side or that?' "Self interest and pride
Had a long battle. But the spires
Glittering in the sunset fires
Show there was a victory.
At some town meeting it would seem
They voted the Kenduskeag stream
Was not impassable. All praise
To him, and length of days,
Man who made the motion.

"Man who made the motion!
Knew he not his wealth of grace.
Henceforth forever shall one place
Be consecrate. One blessed hill
Shall have its shrine, where whoso will,
An earnest worshipper,
May find his God. Later time
May raise its temples more sublime,
But Gothic power, Corinthian grace

Shall ne'er from memory efface
The old white meeting-house.

"It had a soul in it;—
Life and love and strength and will
In floor and beam, tower and sill,
That made it in the gazer's sight,
Fairer than if with gold bedight,
Or silver pinnacle.
What blessed presences appear!
What tones, familiar tones I hear!
'Twas but a glimmer o'er me cast,
'Twas but an echo from the past!
Pleasant gleam and echo!

"As to 'mighty progress,'
'Rapid growth,' 'improvement vast,'
And all that talk, the world goes fast.
In public, private, church and state,
'Up and doing early, late'
Ever is the motto.
Who will not run, must lag behind:
Who will not labor, venture, find
Lost are all the prizes. Nay—nay.
I cannot on the Bible say,
With my hand unlifted.

"I recognize this city
As the very top-most queen
Of all the cities ever seen.
She has done something, but how much
Awaits a bold creative touch
To bring it out of chaos.
My eyes are open! Very true.
Just here, at sunset is a view
Lovely as I have often seen—
A city all embowered in green.
Blue, blue hills, and river.

"That is in the distance.
Cloudy shadow, golden shine
Will make a dreary scene divine.
Strive for beauty that may bear
Nearest vision, keenest glare
Of a critic stranger.
Peering through each street and lane,
Let him never more complain,
'These men have left their work undone.
Thought this lane obscure might shun
Passing observation.'

"Like a silly ostrich,
Dreaming if himself be blind,
No pursuer from behind
Will pounce upon him. Do you need
This old allusion when you read
Careful explanation?
Then your senses must be dull,
Come awaken! ere I cull
Such a nosegay as your pride
Would scarce acknowledge grew beside
Gallant showy garden."

Speaking in a figure?
Is he? was he? Does he mean
Gardens which our eyes have seen,
Weeds which grow and flaunt and spread,
Poisoning all the path we tread?
Matters quite external?
Doubtless. Yet he means beside.
Since from His dominion wide
The Mighty Father, of His grace
Appointed, set apart this place
For your habitation.

Hear His high commanding:
'Not a man of you may stay

Idling through the live long day.
Faithful in my vineyard toil!
Barren waste and rocky soil
Yet shall yield a harvest.
Build a city here whose name
Ever on the lip of fame,
Shall for those who vaguely roam,
Waken blessed thoughts of home.
Like a dream of Eden.

Yea, a goodly city,
City that hath ne'er a wall.
Lowly cot or palace tall,
But integrity hath planned.
While the cunning, faithful hand
Labored in the building.
City that hath ne'er a street
Where debasement foul may greet
Pure eyes. Ne'er a hidden den
Where are bought the souls of men
For a bubble—nothing.

On the heights a city!
Radiating holy light
On the left hand and the right.
That beholding, men may say
Far we shall not go astray
If this guide we follow.'"

Century begun! Our eyes
Shall not see the morning rise
On its closing. Not the less
Lift we here our hands to bless
Bangor on Penobscot.

Hymn—"America", the audience uniting.
Benediction—Rev. Amory Battles.
March—by the Bands.

Exhibition by the Fire Department.

At 2 o'clock the Fire Engines were brought out for trial in East Market Square. Centre Park and the adjacent walks and streets were filled with an interested crowd of lookers on—The steamers showed their power satisfactorily.

The trial for the purse of $50 was between Torrent No. 2 of Bucksport, Eagles of Brewer and Excelsior of Upper Stillwater, the latter winning the prize, playing 169 feet, 3 inches, the Torrent 151 feet, 8 inches and the Eagle 147 feet. The playing would have been better but for a heavy wind blowing dead ahead which shortened the distance by a good deal.

Much interest centered in the trial, and the best of feeling prevailed. The winning tub is a "Hunneman," the other two being "Buttons."

The Portland band regaled the crowd with choice music during the exhibition.

At four o'clock precisely the boats were started in

THE REGATTA.

Long previous to the hour of starting the people began to gather, and crowds lined the shores on either side of the river and occupied every available place for seeing.

The first race was for batteaux, in which six started. Two prizes were offered, one of $40 and the other of $15.

The first prize was won by Wm. Conner's crew in 10:3.

The second prize was won by the batteau "Caribou" manned by Indians, in 10:45.

The time of the other four was as follows:

Repulser 11 minutes, Dreadnaught 12:21, Troublesome 11:34, Sunkhaze 11:41.

The next was for canoes with two paddles, paddled by Indians.

The first prize of $40 was won by Pomola in 10:33. Crew—Sabattus Joe Mitchell. Joe Neptune.

Second prize, $25, by Necolar, in 11 :07. Crew—Francis Neptune, Attain Orson.

In the scrub race for all boats there were four prizes offered, of $25, $15, $10, and $5, and four boats entered. The first prize was won by Tracy.

The regatta was so well arranged and promptly conducted that it was all finished in less than an hour. It afforded much amusement to the great crowd. The Germania and Bangor bands furnished excellent music during the races.

The report by "Faust" (Dr. C. A. Jordan) in The Bangor Democrat, after describing the Regatta said—"These Indians of the Penobscot Tribe were as fine specimens as the eye ever looked upon. They were all sanguine of winning the *first* prize. Francis, a giant fellow, was confident of success—but Francis treated confidence a little too often in the forenoon, and when he was asked after the race was over, why he failed to take the first prize, complacently replied, "Too much occupee ; no good for big Injun". The sight of Neptune recalled to mind his venerable Ancestor, the illustrious Governor Neptune, so long and favorably known in this and other States. Neptune was a great man. I doubt if he was excelled in intellectual ability by the renowned Logan, Tecumseh or any other redman in this country. Many readers of this will recollect the famous trial for murder of the Indian who killed Captain Knight—the trial took place at Castine. Neptune was there ; the Indian was defended by Judge Mellen, then in the height of his popularity. Judge M. appeared on this occasion elegantly dressed, with ruffled shirt, &c., evidently intending to acquit his red client if possible. During the proceeding Judge Mellen arose and informed the court that Gov. Neptune was present and desired to be heard—the request was granted, and Neptune with his leonine type of countenance, a head as massive as, and much resembling Daniel Webster's, a blanket upon his shoulders, slowly and with great dignity stood up ; for a moment he bent his head downwards and gazed upon the floor, then elevating

his head and standing erect, with the utmost solemnity of countenance, he commenced:

"One God make us all! He make white man, and he make Indian. He make some white man good, and some Indian good. He make some white man bad, and some Indian bad. But one God make us all." From this sublime exordium he proceeded to address the Court for some thirty minutes in a speech which was characterized by masterly power and ability.

Centennial Hymn.

BY DR. C. A. JORDAN.

Thy hand, Great Architect, hath wrought
  Amazing change in every clime;
  Thy grandest oracle is Time—
Illumed, inspired by lofty thought!

To Thee, there is no time or space:
  Eternity Thy cycle bounds;
  While spheres unmeasured mark the rounds
Thy mute, untiring footsteps trace!

Our Cradle owned Thy constant care;
  Our Youth exulted in Thy love;
  Our Manhood wafts to Thee, above,
The incense of its warmest prayer.

Through all the Century's lights and shades—
  Its golden gleams and lurid blaze,
  Thy sleepless Eye, O Prince of Days!
Benignant, watched the fleet decades.

These vocal streams, Thy glories sing;
  And hills, with cot and temple crowned;
  While myriad voices loud resound
Imperial honors to their King!

Exercises of the Evening.

THE CENTENNIAL DINNER.

At six o'clock the Centennial dinner came off in Norombega Hall, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Among the decorations were photographs of our ex-Mayors, and a fine photograph of Park Holland, well known by all who have ever held deeds of land in Bangor, as the author of "Park Holland's plan," so often referred to.

Also, pictures of President Grant and his Cabinet, and a fine picture of the late Senator Fessenden, furnished by Amos Pickard, Esq.

The meeting was organized as follows:

President.—His Honor Mayor Thurston.

Vice Presidents.—Hon. E. L. Hamlin, Hon. Isaiah Stetson, Hon. S. F. Humphrey, Hon. S. H. Dale, Hon. A. M. Roberts, Hon. Geo. W. Pickering, Hon. G. K. Jewett, Hon. Chas. Hayward, Hon. J. W. Palmer, Hon. J. B. Foster, G. W. Ladd, D. F. Leavitt, Moses Giddings, Wm. P. Wingate.

His Honor Mayor Thurston called the company to order and invited Rev. Dr. Caldwell to ask grace upon the food before them.

The good things on the table were then fully discussed, after which Mayor Thurston remarked that from all the absent sons of Bangor on the Atlantic and Pacific the word was, "glorious old Bangor." No man ever lived in Bangor who did not look back with pleasure to the years of his residence therein. If there ever was such a one he is dead, and the appropriate inscription upon his tombstone is, "Died of loneliness."

He then alluded to one among us who has distinguished himself in our councils and stood in high places, though perhaps he had never had the honor to be "Alderman of his native village." Lest he might call him by the wrong title, he would call upon "citizen" Hamlin for some remarks.

Mr. Hamlin, in response to the call of the Mayor, said, Though not to be classed with the oldest of our citizens, he yet felt himself like a connecting link between the early settlers of our State and its present population. In the early settlement of the City his uncle owned in fee a large part of the land on which it is built. His maternal grandfather was the proprietor and first settler of the town of Livermore. He settled there in 1772, and was subject to all the trials, hardships and privations incident to the early settlement of our State. How vividly he recollected the thrilling events, as narrated by an honored mother.

He spoke of the remarkable changes in the past century, of the progress in art, science and letters. One hundred years ago, where now was located the beautiful City of Bangor, upon the banks of the Penobscot there was an unbroken wilderness.. To-day, the hum of thrift and enterprise went up from her commercial marts and market places, with promises for future prosperity, which would satisfy the most ardent and devoted of her friends. Iron rails had united the West with the East in indissoluble bonds. The wonderful power of steam had been made subservient to the wants and comfort of man; machinery had been perfected until it seemed almost endued with thought; electricity had annihilated time and space, and in the upward progress of free government, we had seen the events of centuries compressed into a few years. How wonderful the change; a marvel to the world!

He spoke of the future of Bangor in most encouraging terms. In looking at the past we could hardly conjecture what could be the developments in the coming century that should compare favorably with the past. Yet he doubted not that they were in the womb of time and would be born. But looking at present agencies, and their use and application, the most skeptical cannot fail to see our future and certain progress. The vast water power in the immediate neighborhood that must come into use in propelling all sorts of machinery, and the manufacturing of all fabrics and things in use, gives a certain

promise of no limited extent. Bangor was near the centre of the State, at head of navigation of our noblest river, and movements which he hoped would not be checked, were being made, that would constitute Bangor one of the great Railroad centres of the State. The E. & N. A. Railroad would soon bring us in more direct communication with the British Provinces east; the Bangor and Piscataquis Road will be extended to Canada and connected with the North Pacific Railroad, thus opening from distant India and the western slope of our country the shortest and most direct line of communication. This was not idle conjecture, but is so written that he who will may read, and reading will see that the future of our city is to be more marked, more progressive than in the past. There were "growlers" and "obstructives," but they cannot change the fact that we were to occupy in the future no secondary position in our State.

The President then said, we expected to have had the pleasure to welcome our Governor to-day. We have from him only a dispatch, regretting his neccessary absence, and sending messages of congratulation, and good wishes for our future prosperity.

The President then called on A. G. Jewett, Esq., of Belfast.

Mr. Jewett responded: Mr. President—I am happy to meet in this hall this evening so large and so interested a family of Buzzells. I am happy to meet my old friends, with some of whom I made acquaintance 40 years ago in this city. It is one of my sources of pride that I spent the earlier period of my manhood in this city. I have a little pain mingled with my pleasure. When I came here who were the leading men?—and God only knows where are they! It is proper for me to say that I miss them—Allen Gilman, the McGaws, Crosby, Brown, Dr. Rich and others—they have passed away,—new men and women have filled the places made vacant by the men and women of those days. Forty years ago you had less than 4000 inhabitants. To-day you have 20,000. Talk about arresting the progress of Bangor,—you might as well talk of arresting the body of water that runs over the Niagara. No power short of the Al-

mighty can arrest it. Who that has seen the display of to-day, can mistake the character of the men and women who compose the population of this city. And let me say to my friend Hamlin that when we meet here again one hundred years hence, Bangor will be found to extend away down the river, and the back country between here and the Kennebec will contain a population probably ten times that of the whole State to-day. You can't stop the energy and enterprise of such a people.

A Glee Club consisting of Messrs. Hazeltine, Knight, Eastman and Wheelden then sung a quartette, "Welcome, welcome is the meeting."

The President then called upon a Bangor boy, Thomas S. Harlow, Esq., of Boston, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor: I had hoped to escape. I read carefully the kind invitation to be present at this great solemnity, with which your Committee had honored me, but it contained no hint of a speech. Again, when I took my seat at this bountiful table, I examined the bill of fare, which professed to contain a full programme of the entertainments of the evening, where I thought a trap for a speech might naturally lurk; and felt relieved to find that the catalogue ended with "nuts and raisins," and "songs." All right, said I to myself; no danger now; so I partook of the feast in unsuspecting confidence. But, on occasions like this, the master of the feast wields a despotic power, and governed by no law but his own discretion, calls upon whom he will, and no guest can gainsay his authority, or protect himself from its exercise. So, making a merit of necessity, let me say without further preface, first, that I felt glad and honored at receiving the invitation of your Committee to take part in this re-union of the earlier and later inhabitants of our goodly city. It has been a source of keen enjoyment to me, to come back here to-day, after so many years of absence, to mark the changes which time has made, to re-visit the haunts of my boyhood, to observe the growth of the city, and march with my old schoolmates, (now men of mark in their generation.)

through broad streets, and between stately rows of houses, which cover the ground, where, not so very long ago, we hunted squirrels among the oaks and hemlocks. Why, Mr. Mayor, when I first knew Bangor, (and I don't claim to be an old man yet,) there were in that whole tract of land included in the angle between Exchange and Center streets on one side, and State street on the other, over which the procession moved today, but four dwelling houses, all of which are now standing, though somewhat improved and modified. They were, the Lumbert house, the Bradbury house, (then the only house on Broadway,) and the houses of Allen Gilman and Thomas A. Hill, on State street. Broadway was the only street then open in that space, and the greater part of what is now Essex street was covered with thick woods. As the procession moved on, I looked with pride and pleasure on the changes which had taken place since those days. Upon the spacious streets, new buildings, rail roads, steam boats and manufactories, which had sprung into existence since I was a school boy here,—upon all the tokens of the thrift, activity and enterprise, which had built up the Bangor of my boyhood, from a little town of 2300 inhabitants, (and let me say in a whisper, rather inclined even then, to boast of what it meant to be,) to a goodly city of some 20,000, to say nothing of Veazie, a rib apparently plucked from her side while she slept. For all that I saw, I rejoiced and was glad; and I felt grateful that an opportunity had been given me to witness the glory of the present day. But as the procession moved on, amid all the grand display of the enterprise, the activity and the wealth of the city, not the least striking part of which was the representation of the various industrial pursuits, which have helped Bangor to fulfil so gloriously the promise of her youth, I saw something which touched me more nearly than all else, something that impressed me far more than all these tokens of material prosperity. Aye, something far better worth coming from Massachusetts to see, than all your railroads and steamboats, your miles of lumber, your foundries and manufactories. I saw that which promised more

for the future character and growth of Bangor, in all that beautifies and ennobles life, than any display of mere material resources. I mean the two thousand intelligent, well dressed and joyous looking children of the public schools, arrayed in tasteful uniforms, and making the most attractive part of the procession. Again and again I left the line of march and took a new position, that I might feast my eyes on this beautiful sight. My thoughts went back to my own school-days; to the old wooden building on State street, where knowledge was dispensed by *rule*, and to the scant measure of care and interest there so grudgingly dealt out to us, and I felt that, in the language of the market, "children were looking up."

Who would have thought, forty years ago, of a whole town making so much of school children, or taking any pains to give them a day's pleasure? Children are cared for now. I thought that I saw, in the mere fact that on such a day as this, room was made for them in the procession,—that they and their teachers were the honored guests of the city, and had a part in the grand ceremonial of the day, something of the causes which have made your city what she now is. In her thoughtfulness for the children, in her care for their interests and happiness, in her deep interest in the public schools, the Bangor of to-day is as far in advance of the Bangor of forty years ago, as she is in wealth and population. The character of a people is no where better indicated than in their care for their public schools, for the universal education of all the children of the State. Here have been formed and trained the men who have built up the fortunes and the good name of Bangor. The presence of these children and their teachers tells of the place they and their schools hold in the hearts of the people. And permit me to say, that from a pretty large experience, I am satisfied that there is no other training for children so thorough, so well calculated to prepare them for the work of life, as that which they receive in the public schools. I had the honor to be on your School Committee in 1838, with those excellent and honored men, the late Wm. Abbott and Dr. J. P. Dickinson, who

in their day did so much to elevate the character of your schools; and with your late Mayor, Mr. Wakefield,—himself a teacher of no little reputation,—at the time of the first establishment of the High School for girls, when about a hundred bright, intelligent girls presented themselves for examination and admission. About half of them were from the public schools, and the remainder from the best private schools in the city, (the private schools for girls, here, at that day, were hardly second to any in New England); and at the close of the examination it was the unanimous opinion of the committee, that in accuracy of scholarship and thoroughness of training, the scholars from the public schools were unquestionably in advance of the others.

Not to trespass longer on your indulgence, permit me to say, Mr. Mayor, that as long as your fellow citizens continue to regard the public schools with the warm interest and kindly care which are evinced by the prominent part they have assigned them in the ceremonial of this day, as long as they recognize and act upon the great truth, that the school children of to-day will be the men and women upon whom, ere long, will devolve all the duties and responsibilities of social, civil and political life, the care and preservation of the City, the State, our fair frame of Government, and of all that adorns and ennobles human life, so long you may be assured that the priceless heritage which you have received and upheld, shall be maintained in undiminished beauty by those who are to fill your places.

Mr. Mayor, allow me to propose—"The memory of Abigail Ford, the first teacher of the first public school in Bangor."

Selections by the Band.

The Mayor regretted the absence of our honored fellow-citizen, Judge Kent. We have heard from him, and Hon. Isaiah Stetson will read the letter. (Mr. Stetson read the letter, as follows):

HOULTON, ME., Sept. 26th, 1869.

DEAR SIR:

I need not say to you, who know so well the interest I have taken in the proposed celebration, how much I regret that

my official duties here will prevent me from participating with my fellow citizens of Bangor in the celebration of the century birth-day of the city of our home.

Although not a native, and although I do not aspire to the dignified and venerable station of the "oldest inhabitant," yet my residence dates from the earliest years of my manhood, and has been continued until the present time—and until I find myself in the front rank of the living representatives of former years.

Such celebrations, and the gathering of the "town children" to do honor to their mother, have an interest peculiar and individual in its character. They resemble the thanksgiving gatherings of Scotland households, devoted to thoughts and remembrances of the single family, and to recounting the family traditions, and the individual fortunes of its members. On such occasions as this our thoughts instinctively revert to the domestic history of ourselves, our neighbors and our townsmen, and we dwell upon the lights and shadows of the pictures which memory brings before us, and recall the more than half forgotten scenes of joy and sorrow, of hope and despondency, of faith and submission, through which we have passed, or which we have witnessed. At such moments we feel the truth of the lines, which the experience of life year by year confirms,

> "How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part, which kings or laws can cause or cure."

But Bangor has a public, as well as private—an outward, as well as inward history. That history, I doubt not, will be fully portrayed by the able and faithful chronicler, to whom the duty has been specially entrusted. That history is a record of which no son of Bangor, native or adopted, need be ashamed; for it must exhibit in its details the progress of a people, earnest, intelligent, industrious and persevering—rising from humble beginnings, into a city "set on a hill."

In communities, as with individuals, a reasonable self respect and a rational self appreciation are justifiable, and often prove safeguards against what is corrupt and degrading. It is un-

doubtedly true that we have cherished this appreciation, and exhibited, as a community, perhaps an unusual pride in our city, its institutions and its character. We have all felt, when we have called to mind its loyalty and ready sacrifices in defence of the country, when its existence was in peril,—its liberality in contributing to all noble charities, and in sustaining public institutions of religion and learning, that we had cause to rejoice that our lot had been cast in this eastern city. Whether at home or abroad, we have felt, and have still the right to feel, that we are "citizens of no mean city." May its next centennial show an undimmed record.

Very truly, your friend and fellow citizen,

EDWARD KENT.

Hon. E. L. Hamlin, Chairman, &c.

The President said we have some troubles, though you may not think so. Other communities have robbed us. Providence has done so in taking from us Rev. Mr. Caldwell. We think he is sorry for it, and we would like to hear from him. Mr. Caldwell spoke as follows:

If I am not sorry, Mr. Mayor, that I went away, I am very glad to be here again, and to be here to-day. It seems so like home, with all bright and familiar faces around me, that I begin to doubt if I have ever been away. I am not a son of Bangor, but what is better, I am one of the fathers, having given it some sons who have always been taught to look back to this town with a pleasant pride, as their birth place. Beautiful and to be cherished, is this love for the place where we were born. No spot in all the world seems quite so fair or dear as the home of my childhood on the mouth of the Merrimac. No where is there so fair a smile on the sky, no where so bright a sparkle on the waters. When I came here it interested me to find so many old familiar names imported from my birthplace. Coombs and Pearson and Noyes and Call and Short, and I know not how many more, with some who lost their names to find new ones,—and to-day your brilliant and long procession took us through at least one street on which the old Essex

Company fixed the name of Newbury. And now my friend Judge Godfrey, whose most admirable and singularly well digested oration, we have all heard with great delight, tells us that from Salisbury on the other bank of the Merrimack, comes James Buswell, the father of us all, to set up his habitation, such as it was, on one of these hillsides, a hundred years ago. Surely the Kenduskeag and the Merrimack are very near relations.

I am glad that Bangor dates her birth and history, not from Sieur Samuel de Champlain, seeking the wondrous and mythical city of Norombega, which no voyager ever found, but from plain Jacob Buswell, hunter, fisher, cooper, boat-builder, who came here to get a living, nothing more, for himself and his nine children. It is an unromantic origin. But history, even the noblest, is made out of just such common materials. My predecessor, Roger Williams, the first founder of the Church I have the honor to serve, went out on a principle, and started the town of Providence as "a shelter for distressed consciences." History gives him the honor of which he is worthy.

But our fathers came here on no very heroic mission. Some felicity of situation drew them: the necessities of daily existence, the desire for more room, and cheaper, the spirit which carries people to Dakota and the ever receding West, led them here. They builded better than they knew. Out of such humble beginnings, out of the instincts which here sought a home, has sprung this city so fair and stately on the forest hills. The river has fed it. Out of the woods it has drawn wealth. It is stretching out its roads eastward and westward and northward. It has a future. And when after another century, like the aloe, it shall bloom forth in another Jubilee, may it be as brave and fair as this of to-day. None of us will be here. But if we do our duty, we shall be here in our works, and in a city made larger, richer, wiser, purer, by the life and work of a generation which has passed away.

The President then called upon the Hon. E. L. Hamlin,

President of the Bangor Historical Society, who responded as follows:

He said the Society had in its possession many interesting articles in relation to the history of this locality. This was a famous camping ground for the Indians, long before its settlement by the whites.

Here about the falls of the Penobscot, the Indians had their home, from whence, in the summer time, they went to the seaboard after seal and porpoise, and in the winter time, to the upper forests above the falls in pursuit of moose, deer, bear, &c. Here was their great fishing ground where fish was found at all times, and very abundant in the Spring.

Here have been found a large number of the stone implements used by the Indians, such as axes, gouges, chisels, knives, spear and arrow heads, and stones fashioned for ornaments. Also iron axes and tomahawks of French manufacture, copper and brass kettles, bronze spoons and knives and many other articles of foreign make, and probably brought here soon after the discovery of this continent. The society has several hundred of these articles, some made of jasper, hornstone and quartz, showing much skill in their manufacture. The jasper came probably from the upper Seboois, and the hornstone from the head waters of the Kennebec.

He here exhibited a large basket full of these implements, stone, iron, bronze, brass and copper.

But the most curious things in the possession of the society, are some of the bones of an extinct species of the whale, found about forty feet beneath the surface, in making excavations a few years since, near the Maine Central station in this city. He here exhibited some of these bones. They are the bones of the first known earliest settler in this place. How long ago he settled here we can only guess; perhaps before the flood, a regular antediluvian. He settled here before Damascus or Jerusalem was built, or Rome was founded. He may, therefore, well boast of the greatest antiquity in our early settlement. Portland, Boston, New York, can show only some clam shells,

and the foundations of those cities rest inglorious upon mere banks of bivalves.

When the ancient Grecians or Romans began to lay the foundations of their cities, if anything remarkable was discovered in making excavations, it was noticed, and considered as an omen, favorable or unfavorable, as to the future of their cities. Suppose we take the same view of things. Are we not fortunate in building our city upon the back of a whale, the largest animal that lives? This augurs well for the size of our city, and indicates that at no remote period our city may, in comparison with other cities, be as much larger as the whale is ahead of all other created beings.

Then again, the whale sheds more light in the world than all other animals put together. Even the hog, the next luminous animal in line, cannot hold a candle to him. This foreshadows the future when our city will become a great light in the world and diffuse its brightness over a large space.

Then again, the whales luxuriate in schools, and we are surely following the example of our great predecessor, as any one might see who to-day took notice of the long and bright files of scholars and teachers which gave such beauty to our procession.

The whale spouts and blows. Young America in Bangor may safely challenge any other place for exploits in this line.

The whale is a migratory animal, moving over long spaces in a short time, for pleasure, or to find better feeding ground. How is it with us? The committee on invitations for this occasion, received a few days since by the same mail, two responsive letters, one from a Bangorean in Sacramento, California, and the other from Switzerland in Europe. Go where you will, you are sure to see or hear from some Bangorean who has been there before you, to see some new thing, or to find better feeding grounds.

We may, therefore, be proud of our whale, and adopt him as the tutelar genie of our city. If Massachusetts suspends the image of a codfish in the hall of her representatives, as em-

blematic of the old Bay State, why should we not emblazon our city escutcheon with the photograph of the whale? If it be complimentary to say of a man he is a whale of a man, why should we not strive to make Bangor a whale of a city?

Most communities have some sign or emblem of their individuality. Some take the Lion, some the Leopard, some the Bear, some the Eagle,—all ferocious and fighting animals, representing the worst qualities of our nature. On the other hand, the whale is a useful creature and loves peace. He is a supporting and embracing stay for the fair sex, to prevent their too exuberant expansion, and furnishes a safe and sure light in the absence of the sun.

To use the language of our deceased and venerable fisherman, Tim Colby, "the whale is a very respectable fish, and knows what he is about," and he probably well knew when he deposited his bones here, that there would, in time, be erected over his remains, the splendid mausoleum of a great city. All honor then to the great whale. Let us follow along in his wake, and endeavor to imitate his strength, his bigness, his capacity to shed light in darkness, and to be seen and known over all portions of the globe.

Mr. Hamlin, then exhibited one of the account books (Ledger B,) belonging to the late Maj. Robert Treat, the first trader in Bangor. He came to this place in 1773, made his first residence near the foot of Newbury street, removed thence to the Red bridge, where he built mills and kept the Post office, and afterwards to the Rose place, where he died in 1825. He did a large business in trade, and was extensively engaged in navigation. Mr. Hamlin then read the following extracts from the account book, showing the great depreciation in the currency and consequent inflation of prices, at and about the close of the revolutionary war, and also the great consumption in ardent spirits.

JOHN MANSELL, JUNIOR, to ROBERT TREAT. Dr.

Old tenor money.

1779, Feb. 7th.	To 1-2 gill of rum,	£	3	6
"	8 lbs. of salmon 3-6,	1	8	0
"	2 lbs. cotton wool,	6	15	4

½ mug toddy,		7	6
1 keg "		15	0
½ mug toddy,		7	6
1 mug ditto,		15	0
3 lbs. Cotton, 36	5	18	0
1 lb. coffee, 1 quart molasses,	2	5	0
1 mug toddy, 15, 2 mugs flip,	1	18	0
½ lb. powder,	1	13	9
3 gills rum,	1	5	6
In paper money,	£25	6	9
Equal in Halifax currency, balance due,	£ 2	16	0

JOSEPH CARTER, to ROBERT TREAT. Dr.

1779, Apr. 18th,	½ mug toddy, 4, 1 mug ditto, 8,	£	12	0
	2 lbs. 6 oz. pork, 10, 3½ lbs. rice, 6,	2	4	4
	½ pint rum, 7, 1 pint rum, 14,	1	1	0
	½ mug toddy. 7, 1 mug do, 8,	1	0	0
	1 mug toddy, 8, 27th, 1 mug do. 8,		16	0
	½ mug toddy, 4, ½ pint rum, 8,		12	0
	½ mug toddy, 4 6,		4	6
		£ 6	9	10
Depreciation eleven for one, balance due,			11	9

REV. SETH NOBLE, to ROBERT TREAT. Dr.

Sept. 1st 1787,	3 quarts rum, 6, 6 lbs sugar, 6,	£	12	0
5, "	1 gall. rum, 8, (10) ¾ lb. tea, 1 6,		9	6
11,	3 lbs. sugar, 3, (17) 1 gal. rum, 8. 3 lbs, sugar, 3,		14	0
22,	1 gall. rum, 8, (24) 3 lbs. sugar, 3,		11	0
28,	1 gall. rum, 8, (Oct. 1,) ¾ lb. tea, 1.6,		9	6
Oct. 3d,	2 quarts Molasses, 2, 2 lbs. sugar 2,		4	0
8,	1 gall. rum, 8, (15) 2 quarts rum 16,		14	0
20,	2 quarts rum 2 6, ½ bushel salt, 3,		5	6
24,	½ bush. salt, 3, 1 quart rum, 1 6,		4	6
Nov. 6,	1 almanack, 1, 7½ galls. W. I. rum, 8,	3	1	0

In regard to Elder Noble, who was the first minister in this settlement, it was said by one of his cotemporaries, that although the parson purchased large quantities of liquors, it was with good intentions. Being a very benevolent and kind hearted man, he was in the habit, when visiting his rhuematic and colicky parishioners, and they were quite numerous, to take with him a bottle of rum, which he was urgent to have administered internally and externally, to those sick people, to alleviate

their ailments,—and usually closed the visit with a good hot drink all round.

JONATHAN LOWDER, to ROBERT TREAT.		Dr.	
1786, March 13th,	1 gill of brandy 6, 1 gill do. 6,	1	0
" 14,	1 mug toddy, 1,	1	0
15,	1 mug sangaree, 1 3, 1 gill brandy, 6,	1	9
16,	1 mug toddy, 1, 1 mug toddy, 1, 1 gill brandy, 6,	2	6
19,	1 mug toddy 1, 1 mug toddy, 1,	2	0
	½ mug toddy, 6, ½ mug do. 6. 1 gill brandy, 6,	1	6
23,	1 gill brandy, 6, 1 mug toddy, 1, 1 mug toddy, 1	2	6
26,	1 gill brandy, 6, 1 mug toddy, 1,	1	6
29,	½ mug toddy, 6, 1 gill brandy, 6	1	0
	1 almanack, 1,	1	0

And so the account continues to a goodly length, and the other accounts in the book show the same great consumption of ardent spirits.

There is a long account with James Budge, one of the early settlers, and who owned one hundred acres of land on the east side of the Kenduskeag, upon which is built a large portion of the city.

The first item in his account is for fifty-four gallons of West India rum. It is no wonder that he became a poor man, and lost his land, when his encounter with the Buskahegan giant shows such a tremenduous first charge.

The following items taken from the credit side of the foregoing accounts, show the prices of the staple articles about 1786:

Man's labor, 4 shillings per day.
Sawed pine boards, 24 shillings per thousand feet.
Pine ton timber, 12 shillings per ton.
Pine shingles, 6 shillings per thousand.
Clapboards, 43 " "
Fresh salmon, 2 pence per pound.
Fresh moose meat, 2 pence per pound.
Beaver skins, 12 shillings per pound.
Otter skins, 12 shillings apiece.
Bear skins, 12 " "
Sable skins, 3 " "
Moose hide, 6 " "
Musquash skin, sixpence.
Mink skin, one shilling and sixpence,

Mr. Hamlin then produced the following statement of Capt. Jacob Holyoke, of Brewer, of his recollections in relation to

the early settlement in Brewer and Bangor. Capt. Holyoke died at his residence in Brewer, May 2, 1865, and since his decease, his dwelling house, the first framed house built in Brewer, has been taken down and a large two story double brick store erected upon its site.

I was born March 27, 1785, in the town of Brewer, my parents were living at that time in a log house near the small school house, just above John Holyoke's brick house, where the old cellar may now be seen.

My parents came from Boston, some eight or ten years before. My father was a cooper by trade, and was one of the famous tea-party there, with his adze in his hand. About three years after I was born my father built a frame house into which he moved, and was the first framed house built in Brewer, and is the same in which I now live.

My first recollections of Bangor are, that in looking across the river from my father's house, I could see only three houses, Budge's, Dennett's and Dunning's. James Budge lived first in a log house, near Capt. Snow's house, he afterwards built a frame house near Gen. Veazie's house on Broadway. Mr. Dunning had a small framed house, near the site of the City Hall. Jacob Dennett had a framed house near the Central rail road depot. Doct. Nevens lived near Coombs' wharf; Stephen Buswell lived about ten rods from the river, and about ten or fifteen rods south of the brook that runs near J. Wingate Carr's house, on State street. I always understood that the Buswells were the first settlers in Bangor. Mr. Rose settled and traded with the Indians at the Rose place; Major Treat kept the first store in Bangor, near the Red bridge; he afterward purchased the Rose place, and lived and died there; there was an early settler near the poor house. Rev. Mr. Noble lived in a log house near the river, say about fifteen rods below Buswell's. The first meeting of Rev. Mr. Noble was held in Doct. Neven's house; I was baptised by Elder Noble, when about six years old. My father and Major Treat frequently went up the Kenduskeag hunting; it was a famous hunting ground about the

meadows—plenty of moose, deer, caribou, partridges, rabbits, &c.

The first saw and grist-mill in the settlement were built at Brewer Lower Village—first meeting house built in Orrington.

A family by the name of Mayhew, our nearest neighbors, lived above us, near Mr. Chamberlain's present home, and the cellar is still to be seen just south of his house. Mr. Simeon Johnson had a log house just above Mayhew's; John Rider lived next above Johnson's; John Thombs lived about three fourths of a mile above us. When I was about ten years of age Thombs had a difficulty with Oliver Leonard, who had purchased Thombs' farm. Thombs forbid Leonard from taking possession, drew a line in front of his house, and shot Leonard in the abdomen, severely wounding him, when he passed over it. Thombs was carried to Pownalboro' and was tried and had to sit on a gallows. He afterwards returned to Brewer and died here. Mr. Campbell lived next above, then Solomon Hathorn, where Mr. Smart now lives—Mr. Orcut lived next.

Mr. John Emory lived at Robinson's cove, about one mile down river; Henry Kinney and John Tebbetts the only other settlers between our house and Col. Brewer's. There were no settlers back, and no roads leading back from the river.

Soon after building the new house, I can remember my father keeping school. The first school I remember attending, was kept in my father's house by Mr. McKinney, a private school, about twenty scholars.

For many years the Indians were in the habit of making a camping ground of the flat between our house and the meeting house, near the present ship yard, every summer, in going to and returning from the seaboard, where they went principally after porpoises and seals. I have seen often thirty or forty wigwams, built principally of birch bark, inhabited by two or three hundred Indians.

There was a beautiful spring of water on the bank of the river, now covered up by John Holyoke's wharf, which the Indians used, and was also used by us.

This flat of one or two acres was cleared, when my father first came to Brewer, and from the number of Indian stone implements found there in improving the land, was doubtless a very ancient Indian camping ground. When my father built his framed house he cleared up about six acres around it, and upon every side except the river it was a heavy, thick forest.

Salmon, shad, and alewives were very plenty, and in their season many people came here to catch them—bass also were plenty, and in the fishing season, we could fill a batteau with fish at Treat's falls in a short time; we would sometimes take forty salmon in a day, and I think as many as five hundred were taken some days, in all. My father had a large seine in the eddy, just above the Bangor bridge, and we had much trouble with the sturgeon. When a large sturgeon was captured, the boys used to tie the painter of the boat to his tail and giving him eight or ten feet length of rope, let him go, and when he grew tired or lazy would poke him up with long sticks and so be carried all around the harbor.

(Signed.) JACOB HOLYOKE.

BREWER, Dec., 1860.

The following "Centennial Hymn" written by Mrs. S. F. Woodhull, was then sung by the company:

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

To the tune of Ganges, or Ariel. C. P. M.

A hundred years have passed and gone
Since, 'mid the ancient forests born,
Bangor received her name;
And now she's grown through childhood's hour
To queenly influence and power,
To maiden grace and fame.

Penobscot hastes to do her will,
Kenduskeag with a wild, glad thrill
Leaps at her gentlest call;
And Ocean bears to distant shores
The forest pines—her richest stores,
Which at her bidding fall.

For her is worn the martyr's crown—
In graves of glory and renown
Her loyal Heroes lie;
She twines fresh flowers above them there,
Which breathe their fragrance on the air
With *memories ne'er to die.*

These Homes of culture, side by side
With Halls of learning open wide,
And Churches free and fair,
Invite us all in joy to raise
Our every heart in grateful praise
For God's dear love and care.

The President then asked if the people had ever heard of John A. Poor. They would like to hear from him again—Mr. Poor said:

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I fear to speak, lest I should know not when to stop speaking, so many thoughts crowd upon my mind at the mere suggestion of this Centennial Celebration. A hundred years of history seems a long period to look over, whether forward or backward. I stand at the half-way station, for I have known Bangor fifty years, (or within a few months of it,) and I could to-day enumerate every store and shop, every house and building then standing within what is now the city proper. Not a church edifice then lifted its spire toward Heaven, within the limits of this large territory of Bangor. A toll bridge imposed restrictions on intercourse between the two sides of the Kendus-

keag, and a population of 1200, thus divided, was formed into rival factions, in which the boys of the day fought the battles of "East side" and "West side," with ever dubious results, till the toll bridge was made free, in 1820.

The deep and majestic Penobscot, draining over 8000 square miles of territory, with thousands of miles of river tributaries, 467 different Lakes and Ponds, and 1604 distinct streams, each capable of use for its water power, as shown in the Reports of the Hydrographic survey,—bore on its bosom from Bangor to the sea, the small lumber vessels of the period. Its surface had not to that time been disturbed by the paddles of a steamer. The Kenduskeag, then a deep flowing stream, with its beautiful cascades from Six Mile Falls to tide water, has shrunk to a comparative rivulet in summer time by the clearing of the forests; crossed by several bridges within the city limits, the latest and now the most welcome of all, though by many dreaded and opposed,—the Railroad Bridge, like a spinal column, spans it at its mouth, the greatest improvement ever suggested for the benefit of the city, as a measure of business, or for the accommodation of its people, as is now seen and acknowledged by all.

Contrast the condition of Bangor fifty years ago, with its small number of people, and still more sparse population of the surrounding country, within what was then Penobscot County, with its present greatness and business importance. Bangor, including its original territory now numbering 20,000, and the population of the country reaching more than one hundred thousand, ten fold more than the entire population fifty years ago; and the increase of wealth has gone on much more rapidly than the growth of the population.

A glance at the map, and a tolerable knowledge of the physical geography of the Penobscot basin, were enough to satisfy any one of the ultimate greatness of Bangor. No New England town had such a breadth of territory dependant upon it for a market under the old systems of transportation, and had she been able to go forward in a steady career of prosperity from 1820, to

1870, like that which followed the twenty years after the close of the last war with England, from 1815 to 1835, and applied her resources and her credit to the building of railroads into the interior, simultaneously with the building of them in other sections of the country,—Bangor would to-day have been, what we all predicted thirty-five years ago, that she must become, the second city of New England.

Nothing has been so striking to the eye of the careful outside observer, as the indifference of the people of Bangor, to the development of her vast interior, rich in treasures of agricultural and mineral wealth. The rich lands of the interior have remained comparatively inaccessible to market, for want of railroads,—the treasures of slate, exhaustless, and invaluable, have been worked to a small extent only; and the abundant iron ores of Linneus and all that region, have been left almost undisturbed in their native beds.

Crippled in her resources by the land speculation of 1835, and the revulsion of 1836, ending in the collapse of 1837,—her men of enterprise weakened, if not carried down in the crash,—the new rising business-men lacked *Esprit du Corps* in public improvements, and were too exclusively devoted during the last thirty years, to the lumber trade, the most precarious of any branch of business.

But a new era dawned upon Bangor when she finally gave support to the European and North American Railway, one branch of which railroad reaches the slate, and another shall soon reach into Aroostook County, to the iron, soon to be completed also to St. John and Halifax,—a link in the trunk line of that greatest of railroad works yet proposed, *the Trans-continental Railway*, that shall form a golden belt around the world; connect the commercial centers of Europe and Asia, by the most direct and shortest of all routes, in point of time; spanning the continent of North America at its widest part, between the Atlantic and Pacific seas.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Penobscot, under different names, the most ancient of which was Norombega, afterwards Pempregoet, then Pente-

goet, now Penobscot, has been a region of romantic traditions, and of legendary interest since its first discovery by Europeans. Laid down as "the great river" in all the records and maps of the earlier Voyagers of the New World,—shown by that invaluable contribution to history, Dr. Kohl's late work, issued by the Maine Historical Society,—the belief in a great city upon its banks, at the head of the tide, "where the people are small in stature and of the same complexion as those of India," was for more than a century the received opinion of Historians and Geographers of Europe. L'Escarbot, in the first edition of his great work on New France, printed in Paris, in 1609, did much to dispel this illusion; and the narration of Champlain, first published in Paris in 1613, put an end to this belief among those learned in geography; it seems probable that the broad plain on the Brewer side, opposite the mouth of the Kenduskeag, the site of an Indian village, was the spot which the Portuguese and Spanish Navigators had made known, at a very early date, as the site of Norombega,—the truth of whose narrations can only be reconciled by supposing their writings suggestive,—prophetic of the great city, which at a future day or at the end of the next hundred years, will spread itself on both sides of the Penobscot around the mouth of the Kenduskeag, overspreading this ancient site "of Norombega town."

The charming legend of our great American Poet, Whittier, whose relatives were among the most worthy and honored of the first settlers of Bangor, in the Atlantic Monthly of June, of this year, deserves a place in the records of your doings to-day.

When invited to this celebration, I was reminded of my youthful predictions as to the future of Bangor, and challenged to confront my former statements,—for one of my first efforts in newspaper writing was an earnest attempt to prove that Bangor was destined to become, certainly the second, if not the first city of New England.

Mr. James Brooks, then editor of the Portland Advertiser, now editor of the Express, and the most intelligent and influ-

ential member of Congress, from the City of New York, took up the discussion against me, in his paper, and it was prolonged to several articles upon each side. I am interrogated again to-day, as to the comparative greatness of these two cities in the future,—destined no doubt, for many years, if not forever to remain, the large cities of Maine.

When I wrote on this question 40 years ago, the Locomotive Railway was unknown. Its success in 40 years has changed all the laws of proportion, destroyed all rules of calculation then known, causing the earth itself, commercially speaking, to shrink to one-third its former size,—for steam upon the land and upon the water, has already reduced the time of transit to less than one third the period then required to circumnavigate the globe. If my opinion has changed it is the fault of the railway, rather than of my reasoning.

I became interested in the railway at a very early day, and I am glad of the opportunity of saying in this Hall, that I owe it largely to the influence of a distinguished citizen of the State, to whom its people, especially of the Penobscot Valley, are more indebted than to any other man,—whose memory is still cherished and whose monument will some day be erected here, at the public expense,—Moses Greenleaf. He was my teacher and my most valued friend to the time of his lamented death in March, 1834. To great scientific attainments and large practical knowledge, Mr. Greenleaf united a sanguine temperament with an enthusiasm which carried him far beyond his cotemporaries in comprehending the natural advantages and resources of Maine, as shown in his two volumes, one published in 1816, and the other in 1829.

The eloquent allusion to him in the messages of Governor Lincoln to the Legislature, in 1828 and 1829, will always give his name a prominent place in the history of our State, should no monumental stone mark the final resting place of his ashes.

The lamented death of Governor Lincoln, whose memory is embalmed in the affection of all his cotemporaries, permitted a new turn to be given to public pursuits in our State, and the in-

troduction of party politics displaced or drove from the public councils, men capable of comprehending the material interests of Maine,—this strange political strife finally ending in civil war,—and I witnessed with no ordinary satisfaction, the accession of our present Chief Magistrate to the Gubernatorial chair; who, with higher endowments and greater culture than any of his predecessors, has brought the brilliant fame of a military hero to the chair of State; while comprehending in full measure as he does, the abundant resources, and brilliant future of his native State. * * * * *

The growth of Bangor during the last twenty-five years, has been mainly due to the lumber trade, with some increase of the agricultural population of the interior. Her influential men of 1852 and 1853, refused to allow the English capitalists, who took up our railway to Montreal, to build her railroad to St. John. Had this been done, Bangor would have been larger than Portland to-day. Portland has drawn very considerably from the trade of Bangor, which if left to its old channels, would have aggregated itself here. But a development of business at Bangor would have followed the construction of the line to St. John, greater than all her losses from the growth of rival cities.

I have not time to go more into details, (cries go on, go on.) The prospects of Bangor were never so bright as now. You have a vast water power and valuable lands in the valley of the Penobscot, capable of agricultural development, and a still greater breadth of good land in Aroostook in your reach, which Portland has not, and in my opinion the future of the two cities, and their comparative growth, depends upon the comparative efforts of their people. (Cries of "good" and "go on.") If you will hear me further, I will, in this connection, ask your indulgence for a moment, as an act of justice to you and myself, to refer to the existing railroad, from Portland to Bangor. How came it to pass? It was built with your money, in part, under many embarrassments. But to whom are you most indebted for its origination, or practical conception?

I am happy to be able to put history right,—for I have had credit for work on this line which was not due to me.

A genius for railroading, is as much a natural gift as that for any great work of art, whether in painting, poetry, or sculpture; some men have a taste for physical science in its highest or practical form, in public works, canals, steamships, the magnetic telegraph and the railway.

Some years ago a young man, endowed with tastes of this character, came from College to Bangor to take charge of our newspaper, as editor; in that way he became familiar with the physical features of eastern Maine, and the measures required for the development of her material interests, which he did much to aid while connected with the newspaper, and afterwards as a member of the Legislature.

In 1844, that same gentleman, while editing the Portland Daily Advertiser, represented the City of Portland in the Legislature. To him I addressed myself as to an old friend, in the autumn of 1844, when I moved the project of a railway to Montreal. He fanned the spark into a flame, and was the active man in initiating the early measures which produced the Portland and Montreal Railway, of which, and its successor, the Grand Trunk Railway, he has for more than twenty years been the trusted counsellor and attorney.

In the Legislature of 1845, when the railroad policy of Maine was inaugurated, by the grant of a liberal charter for the Montreal line, our friend, the Hon. Phineas Barnes, suggested and gave direction to the movements for a line of charters from Portland to Bangor, under which the different sections were built, now united into the Maine Central Railroad.

* * * * * * *

The future of Bangor is now assured, for her railroads must go on. A dam at the lowest fall on your river, with a canal on the Brewer side to a point below the bridge, will plant a population greater than that of Lowell or Lawrence on the site of ancient Norombega.

The completion of the European & North American Railway from Bangor to St. John, in the inception and in the work

of carrying out which I may claim to have had some hand, will in future times be regarded as the great event in the history of Bangor. * * * * * *

In Bangor I spent my youth and early manhood. Here I formed my earliest and strongest attachments, and within her enclosures lie the remains of the departed. And while I can look with pride at the growth of Portland as the result of measures to which the best of my days were devoted, I can never look upon Bangor with any other emotions than those of the deepest regard and affection, and under the inspiration of a Centennial Celebration, I may be permitted, while reviewing the history of Bangor for fifty years, to speak with the confidence of a well assured judgment, of the true pathway to still higher achievements in the future.

Hon. Phineas Barnes was then called for, who thanked the committee for having extended to him an invitation to be present upon this occasion. He paid a high compliment to the arrangements for the celebration and the fine manner in which it was carried out. He was highly gratified with the appearance of the school children, and glad to hear his friend Harlow allude to them in the manner in which he did. Never remembered to have seen finer and more gentlemanly appearing boys, and more beautiful and interesting girls. He paid a high compliment to the address of Judge Godfrey, and thought he never heard or read a more appropriate, judicious, or as he believed, a more historically correct address upon any occasion. As a son of Penobscot, having been born upon the hills of Orland which look down upon the streets of Bangor, he felt a more than ordinary interest in the address. Compared the way in which he returned to his home from Massachusetts forty years ago in a little vessel which could not stop to leave him at his home, but brought him through to Bangor, with the methods of transportation to-day. Alluded to the natural advantages of the city, and the manner in which they had been improved and the beautiful manner in which the city is laid out. In later years he spent

some time in Bangor, and held a humble position upon a newspaper published in this city. The nearest date of the paper while he was upon it to the present time, was 1831. There was nothing of peculiar interest in that number of the paper except an article in reply to one from a Portland paper upon the interests of Portland and Bangor, signed by the letter "P." There is no mistaking who was meant by the letter "P," and he believes the influence of the man will be felt for many years in the railroad history of our State.

The President then read a sentiment from P. B. Mills, Esq., as follows:

"Bangor—her best schools have been an honor to the city—her best scholars an honor to humanity—her best mechanics an honor to the country.

The club then sung the Glee "When the Ruddy Evening."

The President then happily introduced a distinguished son of Bangor, Rev. Mark Trafton.

Mr. Trafton said:

I have listened to the remarks of the gentlemen who have preceded me with both interest and anxiety—interest from the very interesting reminiscences presented, and anxiety lest the Bangoreans should become proud of their historic past and prospective future. But these eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me, are all "of yesterday and know nothing," while I can say, and with an honest pride, "I am native here, and to the manor born." *They* are adopted sons, mere exotics—I am an *aborigine*. Whatever may have been said by my school-mate, the orator of the day, of the Buswell family, (may their tribe increase,) it is certain my Maternal Grandfather was one of the original settlers of this city, and my mother was born here 94 years ago, only six years after the first house was erected in this wilderness; I have heard her tell of carrying the dinners to the lumber-men who were cutting splendid pine logs in the valley where Main street now runs. Then all the pines which

were suitable for masts for some "high admiral," bore the broad arrow, the crown mark of possession. When the English forces took Bagaduce, now Castine, the settlers here were obliged to go down to that post and perform what was called a *tour of duty*, in the erection of the great fort, the ruins of which remain to this day. Fish and game were the principal supply for food in those days, but for which the inhabitants must have perished.

The first murder committed in this town was of an old Frenchman by the name of Junion, who was a trader from Castine, and had a log house and store where the steam mill now stands, near the depot. A nephew of his, named Johonnet, came into my grandfather's one evening, wild and excited, saying the Indians were around, and he feared they would kill his uncle. He soon left, and the report of a gun was heard, and on going to the store the old man was found dead, but no doubt existed that the nephew was the murderer; he was sent to France for trial. Places and sources of amusement in those days were scarce. The first musical instrument made in the town, was a violin, constructed by some ingenious scape-grace, who was dying to see the light fantastic toe tripping to the tune of Nancy Dawson, perhaps. It was slily done, for in those days the *fiddle* was the main instrument in the diabolical orchestra. The wood was seasoned in my grandfather's oven; the strings were made of sinews of moose; the hair must have been from the head of some squaw, while spruce gum supplied rosin, and soon the young people of Bangor were whirling in the giddy dance, one hundred years ago.

My grandfather, a boat-builder, built the first craft owned in this port, which now witnesses the arrival and departure of so many sail of vessels.

Gilmore has the honor of bringing out the *Anvil Chorus* in the great musical jubilee in Boston, and some Italian has the reputation of being its author, but I am sure my father raised the first strains of the *Anvil Chorus* ever heard on the banks of the Penobscot, as he was the first Blacksmith whose anvil

rang beneath the strokes of the hammer in all this region. His shop stood on the high bank, west of the road, just north of the old Rice house, still standing, a few rods above the steam mill.

My memory does not go back beyond the year 1814, but I distinctly remember the Hampden battle and the taking of Bangor by the British troops, the burning of the shipping and fright of the women. I then shed the first and last blood for my country, being knocked over by a kick from a horse, in front of a British regiment. The first newspaper, I think, was printed by Mr. Burton,—the Bangor Register.

How distinctly I see my first Sunday School teacher, Deacon Pike, and the one class constituting the Sunday School, gathered in the gallery of the Court house, then the only place of worship, now the City Hall. The city of Bangor was, when my memory first awakened, a mere hamlet. I could go now to the site of every house and shop then in existence. I see the signs of the first lawyers,—to hear whose pleadings I used to creep slily into the Court-room,—plainly before my mind's eye,—Jacob McGaw, John Godfrey, Allen Gilman, Wilmot Wood. And the old physicians, Skinner and Rich. And the merchants, Amos & Moses Patten, Hill & McLaughlin, Taylor & Brown, Levi Cram, Fiske Bros., John Barker, James Crosby, Joseph Treat, G. W. Pickering, Thomas Hatch. And that princess of caterers, Ma'am Hatch, bustling about, now boxing our ears, and then spreading for us huge slices of *such* bread and butter. The old masons, John and Stephen Giddings. Carpenters, J. and N. Boynton. St. Crispin's College, Davis & Weed the first Presidents, where I was graduated. Zadoc Davis, quaint, poetical, whose advertisements ran thus:

"Davis & Weed, in times of need,
Must rouse delinquent debtors,
And if they may refuse them pay,
Will send them printed letters!"

The first saddler, that noble looking man, Major Williams; the cabinet makers, Hill & Dole; the tinman, Henry Call, whose soldering was not with *soft sawder*; the old eccentric blacksmith, Simon Harriman, whose high ambition was to be

elected to the Legislature. A witty and wild genius by the name of Lowder, took up in his behalf in some rattling rhymes, some lines of which I can remember and must send down to posterity. Harriman had invented a famous *cow-bell*, which he warranted "to be heard from one to five miles." Hear the poet:

"His fame through all the country soundeth,
"Harriman O, O, Harriman O,
"From one to five miles it resoundeth,
"Harriman O, &c.
"As he's a blacksmith he is able,
"Harriman O, O, Harriman O,
"To furnish pitchforks for your stable,
"Harriman O, &c."

James Smith, who killed our meat, and that master fisherman, than whom old Isaac Walton never had a more zealous disciple, Tim Colby. And then there limps before me Mr. Wilkins, the old Postmaster. If you will step into the Kenduskeag Bank the gentlemanly Cashier, Mr. Dodd, will show you the old gentleman as he walked the streets fifty years since. But they are gone, and the evening is gone, and so, wishing you a thousand years of prosperity, I bid you good night.

Hon. John A. Peters was next called upon, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen.—There never was a place to me like Bangor. Twenty-five years ago I was easily attracted here, and soon became attached by indissoluble cords. To use the thought of another, there are certain invisible links of association which steal over us and bind our affections to a locality as effectually as the thousand small threads bound Gulliver to the soil of Lilliputia.

A town has a character as much as an individual, and becomes known by it, at home and abroad. I never knew a decent person who did not enjoy the *atmosphere*, so to speak, made of the social, moral, and business qualities of this city.

Bangor has a character peculiarly her own. While it may

be difficult to analyze or describe it, there are certain rather distinguishing characteristics which she may well claim to possess.

She is distinguished for her correct tone of society. I mean a want of distinction between classes of men—how I have always hated these distinctions of classes—a poor fictitious thing! Bangor is democratic in the better and purest sense of that term.

She is distinguished for her independence; for she speaks and acts for herself:—for generosity and benevolence; for in no good cause did she ever fail freely to contribute.

Bangor bears a high palm for courage; patriotism and pluck. The sons of Bangor and the Penobscot valley were among the very first to volunteer their lives to crush out rebellion. How many thrilling things crowd before our minds at the very thought of the early scenes in 1861! Where in Maine, or on earth was patriotism more inspiring than here? How many Bangor names have been inscribed upon the splendid banners of our country! How many upon the battle-field have gone to immortality!

> We tell their doom without a sigh,
> For they are Freedom's now, and Fame's.

Our city has always been distinguished for her remarkable unity of sentiment and action. She is rarely much divided in any good cause which affects the well being of her citizens. There are fewer old fogies here than anywhere else. The old men are younger—the young men are older than in other places. There are fewer glasses worn—probably fewer drank—than in other regions. The doctors here kill fewer patients than is usual with doctors; the lawyers live and let live, and the ministers practice what they preach!

Bangor has always been distinguished for the energy of her inhabitants. Her business men have pushed her products over the earth and seas. She has sent her population almost everywhere. You may meet a person from the most distant State or the farthest territory—if he knows you are from "down

east," he inquires about Bangor; not so much about Maine as the best known place in the State of Maine—to him, Bangor. This is because the sons of this city who have sought adventure abroad have kept up a perpetual memory of their old home, and have given us a world wide reputation. They can truly say of us

> None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee but to praise.

Our town has more of the similitude of a western town probably than any other place in New England.

It may be noticeable that Bangor and vicinage has but few of the public institutions of the land. We are proud of our Theological Seminary—we have nothing else; no State House, or State Prison, reform schools or asylums; neither do we need or want them.

Neither has Bangor, for its importance, furnished any considerable share of our political public men. She never had a United States Senator until last winter we elected the Ex-Vice President, Hannibal Hamlin, who is on this occasion here. We have had but one Governor from Bangor, elected by the people, the Hon. Edward Kent. For almost the lifetime of the State Bangor furnished not a judge for the highest judicial court in our State, latterly having upon that bench a Hathaway, an Appleton, a Cutting and a Kent. Williamson, Parks, Allen, Stetson and myself have been the only Representatives in the Congress of the United States from this city, the combined terms covering but a brief period of time. I know of no way for you to make it up, but, when you have one of your own, to keep him as long as he will stay. (Laughter.)

Mr. Mayor and fellow citizens; What shall our future be? In the decade expiring in 1860 the County of Penobscot had increased in population in a ratio beyond any other portion of our State excepting the youthful Aroostook. Since then I apprehend our county has not so decidedly led the van. But the day of our great prosperity is coming, and the light of it is now already breaking upon us. The dream of Bangor is just

being realized. The next decade will be our growing and advancing period. The locomotive will soon leave us as a centre in every direction. We shall soon have from the north and the south, from the east and the west, railroads to bring to Bangor and Penobscot County varied business, enterprise, and greatness. With mines and forests about us;—exhaustless water power in our midst;—with agriculture, manufactures and commerce; with virtue, integrity and industry in our population, we shall have a surpassingly fine position a decade hence—mark my words.

Fellow citizens! What shall Bangor be ten decades hence? The imagination even, judging from the past, will fail to tell. May Providence prosper our glorious city; and I give you the sentiment;—"The Star of Bangor; may all the centuries roll by before it sets."

After music by the Band, the President called out Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Adams of Brunswick. The Dr. said he first wished to correct a misstatement which he had noticed, in which he was spoken of as a native of this city. It was a mistake. He came near being a native when he was about two years old, but his father removed to Bucksport instead, on account of the goods sold in the grocery store which has been alluded to! But though not born here, he was as deeply, perhaps more deeply—attached to it than many native born citizens.

He was bound to it by many ties, and though long absent, his heart was drawn to it, and he came to it with pleasure. He would give thanks to God for the progress in all that is good that is continually being made in Bangor.

S. S. Patten was called upon to show some relics of Thomas Howard, one of the first settlers of Bangor. He gave a brief sketch of Mr. Howard and his wife. He showed a linen spinning wheel 104 years old, given by the father of the wife of Thomas Howard as a wedding present. Upon the wheel was a bunch of flax which was raised upon the farm of Mr. Howard forty-five years ago.

He also showed the first grist mill in Bangor, being a samp mortar used for pounding corn. Also a chair 104 years old, with which the then young people "set up housekeeping." The articles were viewed with much interest. Mr. Patten is a grandson of Mr. Howard.

Henry E. Prentiss, Esq., was called upon next, and spoke of the Children's Home, saying that on this day we should remember with pride this institution as one of the most prominent objects among us as speaking of our benevolence and prosperity. The centennial year of our city's birth is a fitting time for the completion of this noble work.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Ballard, of Brunswick, Secretary of the Maine Historical Society, was called on as the representative of this institution. On account of the lateness of the hour he declined making any remarks, but at the solicitation of the Committee has since written out what he intended to say had time permitted—as follows:

Mr. President:—I have been much and more than much interested in the proceedings of this day and the festival exhibition of this evening. The sight of the schools of this city, gathered in the procession, would well pay for a longer journey than I have made to behold it, especially, too, when the knowledge is added that they are under the charge of teachers who know how to teach and do it. The historic address was not put in to be an ornament of the occasion, but was what it was intended to be, a narrative of facts, beginning with the earliest known event on your noble river, and bringing the links in the chain down to the dates which the memory of men now living can easily reach; thus securing them for the gratification and instruction of the people of future years. Many of them might have been forever lost but for the indomitable industry which has rescued them from the voracity of time, and placed them among the treasures that are worthy to be preserved.

And this is the design of the Society in whose behalf I now

speak. Many a fact has been saved and brought to light by its efforts. Many a document has been rescued from destruction, to aid investigations into the past, and in some instances to be auxiliaries in the adjustment of claims of property. When the time comes for the preparation of a new history of our State, it will be seen that our quiet labors have been enriching our treasure-house for facilitating the labors of its author, and enhancing the pleasures of his readers.

I well know, Mr. President, because I have heard it said in all seriousness, that we have been thought to be a set of old fellows who are digging into the obscure past, to bring out matters of no interest except to ourselves. And it is very true that some of us are old, and have the whitened locks of age on our brows, or are despoiled of those locks before the whitening process could reach them. But this is not our fault. How could we help it? We have kept our youth just as long as we could; and we are sure that our calumniators,—though that is rather too hard a name—call them complainers,—will be just as old, as white or bald as any of us, provided only they live long enough to reach such a usual result. But we are not all so old. We have young men, middle-aged men, who are as active in their desires and labors as any of their seniors. And as to the dullness of the results of the labors of our members, we may, with a perfect sense of the superiority of our position, reply to the allegation, that such has not been the termination of the efforts of the past, when we know how our volumes are sought for in different parts of our country, and are found on the shelves of libraries in foreign lands. Certainly such has not been the termination of the patient historical research which the orator of the day,—the historian of Bangor,—himself an honor to our Society by his membership, has presented to the large, interested and as if spell-bound audience this day in your capacious tent.

For the sake of our Society, but still more for that of the history of our State, I would that every city, town and village would do in this direction what has been here done to-day for the Queen City of the Penobscot: gather up the facts of their

long past; of their early occupation; of the lonely toil of the first settlers in their neighborless solitude; the slow growth of the settlements; the Indian aggressions, perhaps not always unprovoked; and final success and stability. The events are fast disappearing, and unless arrested in their departure, will be sought for in vain in the next generation. Who shall save them to relieve the patient toil of the painstaking student, like your own Williamson, whose volumes, though not all that must now be desired, are a marvel, that, under the disadvantages for the effort, they are as good as they are, and would be a loss never to be repaired, if they should be stricken from existence?

But there is a greater value in historical pursuits, than any gratification of a passing interest. What is a nation without a history? What to us would have been the value of all the achievements of Greece and Rome, or any of the people of the eastern world, if the facts had not been caught and fixed in speaking letters on the indestructible page of history, before they had been lost in the waves of oblivion? How much lessened, if not lost, would be the value of our religion, if it were not sustained and enforced by its history? What would our children know of the mighty convulsion through which our nation has passed, and whose struggles produced anxieties not yet fully put to rest, if there had not been the watchful men to mark the progress of the startling events, and given them to the press to be preserved and read by coming generations? Away, then, with the thought that we are mere plodders, doing nothing for the pleasure or the profit of the present or following times. Rather let us be regarded as doing our share in bringing the bygone to bear its healthy influence on the present, and making the past to be our guide in the future.

The company then united in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and thus closed the first Centennial celebration of the founding of our city.

During the evening bonfires, illuminations, fireworks, and music by the bands stationed in some of the public squares, furnished entertainment for those who did not attend the dinner.

ANSWERS TO INVITATIONS,

AND OTHER PAPERS.

LETTER FROM THE HON. PELEG W. CHANDLER.

BOSTON, Sept. 25th, 1869.

GENTLEMEN:

It is with great regret that I find myself obliged to decline your invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Bangor, on Thursday next.

Although not a native of the place, my father took up his residence there when I was very young; I attended its schools, was fitted for college in the Seminary on the hill, and commenced my professional novitiate with a member of your bar; so that all my early recollections and impressions are connected with the town, and I have always considered myself entitled to the honors and privileges of those who were born there. Nothing would be more agreeable than to meet my old school-mates and friends and join with them in recalling the events of the past on the interesting occasion referred to; but as this is impracticable, perhaps you will pardon me for a brief reference to my earliest recollections of this most flourishing City of the East.

It is a little more than forty years since I came to Bangor on the top of a stage coach, solitary and alone;—a country boy, born and to that time reared in a remote town at the western part of the State. As we drove down the main street over the Kenduskeag river to the Franklin House, and thence round to Chick's Hotel, where the Dwinel House now stands, I was duly impressed with the magnitude of the village, then a mere

dot, as compared to the charming city, which now stands at the head of navigation of one of the finest rivers in the country. With the exception of one or two stores at Budge's Point, all the shops were on the "Flat." There was but one brick building among them, I think, and not a store westerly of a wooden structure at the corner of Main and Water streets, then occupied by the brothers Learned, and with a tremendous sign of "New York Cheap Cash Store," reaching far over the sidewalk. From the place where the Unitarian Church now stands to the Institution hill, there was an open field, called Davenport's pasture, unbroken except by a school house and the house where Mr. Rowe now resides. Every hotel in the place, except the Franklin House and perhaps the Hatch House, has been built since that time. There was one meeting house in the town, which was afterwards burnt. Every church now standing has been erected within my recollection. There was no bridge over the Penobscot and no communication with Brewer except by a wretched ferry-boat, worked by two men. Broadway was then a narrow country road, if, indeed, it existed at all. Thomas' hill was remote, bleak and uninhabited, and there were but two houses from Kenduskeag bridge to what is now called Mt. Hope. There were two school houses and one piano forte in the village.

It was no part of the paternal plan that I should be exposed to the temptations of so large a place as this, and I was soon dispatched to the Foxcroft Academy, some thirty-five miles in the interior, by the mail wagon, a one horse affair driven by a good old man, who improved the whole journey by impressing on myself and an old lady, (the only passengers,) his peculiar religious views, which were more relished, I fear, by the old than the young traveller. There was a decent road as far as Corinth and then a more execrable one I never saw. The village where I was to be established, had one little store, a mill or two and several houses besides the Academy building. It did not come up to the expectations nor suit the views of a youth who had so recently seen the glories of Bangor, and he

very soon proposed to return. In a few days I found a private conveyance with a countryman who was journeying to the South. I well remember that we stopped over night at Tozier's, a little one story tavern at Corinth, where my experience was novel, not to say interesting, and somewhat illustrative of the primitive state of things in a new country, where house-room and bed-room were limited. On being shown to the small attic which I was to occupy, there appeared to be two beds separated by a space large enough for the passage of a single person. I was directed to take the one on the right. Now this bed already contained two children, who were fortunately fast asleep. It was not the first time by a great deal, that I had slept "three in a bed," and I was soon lost to all consciousness. In the morning my opening eyes rested upon those of two very pretty girls in the other bed, whose eyes, by a singular coincidence, were fastened upon mine, a state of things not entirely in accordance with my former experience, but not in the least unsatisfactory nor alarming. The occupants of this neighboring bed were evidently of the female persuasion, judging by their head gear, and they were certainly young, judging by their eyes and the ringing laugh with which they received my compliments of the season and of the morning. As I was obliged to leave quite early, it was arranged that I should complete my toilet first, my new acquaintances judiciously turning their faces to the wall while I did so. The fair friends whose acquaintance I made under such interesting circumstances, I have never to my knowledge, met since that eventful occasion. It is not impossible that they are the mothers or the grandmothers of some who may attend your celebration. If so, I beg to be remembered as an early friend of the family.

On returning to Bangor I was placed in the school of a worthy gentleman, of whom I retain a most vivid recollection, and for whose instruction I feel under great obligation. He was a teacher of the old school, who meant business and a good deal of it. Under him the young idea must shoot or die. With the voice of a Boanerges, he could roar you as gently as any suck-

ing dove upon an occasion, and although he did by no means spare the rod, he never used it to excess nor when it was not deserved. As to discipline, he went somewhat upon "streaks." He was entirely impartial, but would, at one time, take a boy or a girl and put them through a course of edifying reproof for a week, setting out their peculiarities and failings in an energetic manner, every day and every hour. Then omitting this pupil entirely, he would pass to the next and so on, so that we all caught it in the course of the term. I remember once, he had upon his scolding-list the name of a beautiful girl—now the affectionate mother of a family—and he had been ringing her demerits for several days. One morning while engaged in mending pens at one end of the school-room, he heard some whispering near the seat where she usually sat, and without looking up, he began to discourse on Miss —— in his usual vigorous style—her inattention to study—her listlessness—her ill example to the younger scholars, etc., etc. Now, it so happened that the young lady, who was thus upon trial, was not at school that day at all, and on hearing a general tittering, the master looked up and quietly remarked, with a grim smile, that although she was not present, his criticisms were just as correct as if she were there. Which, as I am relating the incident, reminds me of a minister who took his text from the account of the conflict between David and Goliath; "and he took his staff in his hand and chose him three smooth stones out of the brook," and said he intended by these words to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity. A worthy deacon stepped up and whispered that he had got the text wrong—it was "*five* smooth stones." "Very well," replied the parson in some confusion, after turning to the text; "the exact language in the Bible is different from what I supposed, but the principle is the same," and so went on with the discourse.

Of the citizens of the town at that time, there will be those present who may doubtless have a better recollection, as it is now more than thirty years since it was my residence. I believe I am correct in the impression, that of the resident law-

yers there is but one survivor. Chief Justice Appleton was then at Sebec and Judge Cutting at Orono; of the two Hamlins, one was in Hampden and the other in Hancock county. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Paine, and other able men had not yet come there. There is certainly one eminent Judge, now in active service, who still resides in the old town—"Nomen clarum et venerabile"—although it will seem to many absurd to apply the term *venerable* to one whose bright and ruddy countenance, ringing laugh and youthful ways, give no indication of his years. But he was my Sunday school teacher more years ago than he or I like to recall. It is one of the pleasures of life, occasionally to meet this distinguished citizen, who as lawyer, legislator, ambassador and Judge, has known no such word as fail. Long may he wave!

Another citizen, now laid in the grave, unless poor liquor and enough of it, has kept him alive far beyond the Bible age. was B——. "Old B——, as the boys irreverently called him. He lived in Joppa; but how he lived was a mystery, for he never did anything but prowl around the town. He was, when sober, very light fingered, however, and if left a single moment alone in a store would rush to the Jamaica rum barrel in a trice, and help himself about as quick as a squirrel can go through a post-hole. Nor did he confine himself to liquids, but was, in the course of the day, good for numerous trifling things, which he stored away and could barter from time to time, for rum. On one occasion a worthy deacon, who kept on Water street, missed a lump of butter, and as Old B—— was present, and as his hat seemed to sit rather heavy on his head, the deacon had no doubt that the butter was inside of that hat. So he invited B—— to take a seat in the corner next to the stove. Now the natural warmth of the human caput is inconsistent with the solidity of the compound called butter, which is preferable for the table in a solid rather than in a fluid state, (except for toast, and then it should be free from human hair,) and Old B—— would have much preferred not to be detained at all, especially not to sit in the corner next the stove.

Moreover, the unusual politeness of the deacon was suspicious. Still our hero felt the weakness of his case and readily complied. The deacon then put on additional wood, which was an aggravation, but when he suggested to B——that perhaps he would be more comfortable to remove his hat, it did seem like adding insult to injury; No, he would *not* remove his hat, and pretty soon the melted butter began to run down his venerable cheeks, while the deacon rubbed his hands in as much glee as a deacon should, till the whole lump had vanished. It is said that B—— never stole any more butter in that store.

Of another noted citizen, Old ——, many queer stories were told; it was said to have been one of his peculiarities that though he would steal he would not lie. This was a distinction in morals which he took. On a certain occasion, as the story goes, the deacon acted on this peculiarity, and this is what came of it: The old "Columbia" was coming up the river slowly from Boston, and there was quite a crowd on the river's side, among them, of course, Old ——. The deacon, having a quantity of salt fish on board, took —— aside and proposed to give him half a dozen of the best fish if he would solemnly promise to go home and not steal any more. —— hesitated, rubbed his old pimply nose, and said it was a hard case; but with the addition of a glass of grog, he would agree to the proposal. So it was settled, and the fish were selected. Now it was a larger cargo than —— had supposed, and as it was growing into the evening, his opportunity to filch would have been excellent. He was up to the emergency. When it was near sunset he entered the deacon's counting room, threw down the six fish and said: "Deacon, I've brought back those fish; I think I can do better." Which, by the way, strikes one as by far a more honest and honorable course than pursued by sundry politicians who advocate the repudiation of our National debt. They should at least insist upon placing the bondholders in as good position as they were when they lent their money to the Government. Even Old —— returned the fish, although he had confiscated the grog.

I beg that you will excuse the length of this letter and its trivial character. Others will doubtless speak and write on graver topics, and cannot fail to dilate upon the remarkable growth of the town, on its past history and its brilliant prospects. In early times, the citizens had great expectations as to the future, but no one could have anticipated what we now see, nor have dreamed that the little village would become so large a city and a railroad centre of such importance to the whole country. But we have scarcely begun to estimate the character and significancy of the influences now operating on your future growth and prospects. Situated at the head of navigation of the finest river in the State, with admirable facilities for communication with a large region of excellent farming land, your city cannot fail to increase with a rapidity before unknown, as soon as the great railroad projects, now well under way, are carried out.

As the timber disappears, the land will be improved for agricultural purposes, and the mill sites all over the region will be used for manufacturing. The sources of your prosperity may change in the coming years, but the same energy, ability, and business sagacity will not fail to improve them, and the next Centennial will be celebrated by those who reside in one of the largest, as well as most beautiful cities of New England.

I am, with great respect, your friend and servant,

PELEG W. CHANDLER.

Hon. ELIJAH L. HAMLIN and others, Committee.

FROM REV. LEONARD WOODS, D. D. LL. D.

BRUNSWICK, 20th Sept, 1869.

To Hon. E. L. Hamlin and others, Committee.

GENTLEMEN: it is thirty years this fall since, with many regrets, I left Bangor for another post of duty. At this distance of time I look back upon the four years of my residence there as among the happiest of my life. Subsequent years have not effaced the agreeable impressions which they left upon my

mind. When I first took up my abode there, the city was experiencing a reaction from the excitement of the Great Land Speculation, and having seen the bubble burst was bidding adieu to its visions of wealth and splendor. But its spirit was not crushed; and it exhibited, even in that time of its greatest depression, a buoyancy and hopefulness, which made it seem to me more like a city of the growing West, than of staid New England. A generation has passed away, and new visions of prosperity are presenting themselves, less extravagant than the former, and resting upon a more substantial basis. The iron rail is fast supplanting those imaginary streams, which were drawn at will on their maps by the speculators of those days, wherever they were wanted to float the trunks of the forest trees to the lumber market of Bangor. These rail-road schemes which, as well as those streams, converge at Bangor, or radiate from it, as their center, certainly appear to afford a far better assurance of the future growth of the city. They owe their first conception, as is well understood, to one of your distinguished citizens, and doubtless lay coiled up in his brain while he was still a resident. When they were first promulged they were regarded by us all as stricken with the very error of the moon. Since that time, year by year, they have been drawn out, towards the west and towards the east, before our wondering eyes, in interminable lines, like the paper shreds drawn out from the mouth of the Conjurer, until now it has become impossible, in the nature of things, that they should be extended any farther, and the Grand Finale must accordingly soon be reached, when the marvel will be witnessed of a transcontinental and inter-oceanic rail-way running through Bangor from Halifax to San Francisco.

Your first Centennial falls happily at the beginning of the new era of prosperity thus inaugurated. I regret very much that it will not be possible for me to be present on that occasion, and to join with my old friends and fellow citizens in the hallowed memories of the past, and cheerful hopes of the future, which the occasion will suggest. May the best success

attend the Celebration! May the hopes it will inspire be fully realized! May the enterprise of the citizens be rewarded by a large increase of wealth and population! And above all, may the material prosperity of the city, be always tempered by the principles of the ancient morality and religion, and be accompanied by the equal growth of the schools and churches, the seminaries of sacred and secular learning, and the various humane and benevolent institutions, which were founded by the venerable fathers of the city, and have been bequeathed by them to their sons as their best legacy!

Very truly and respectfully yours, &c.,

LEONARD WOODS.

FROM REV. JOSIAH BREWER, D. D.

STOCKBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 4th, 1869.

Messrs. Elijah L. Hamlin, &c., Committee of Invitation, Bangor, Maine:

I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend "*The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Bangor*," but fear it will not be in my power to be present.

Though I have lived more than seventy of the hundred years since that settlement took place, and almost half a century, since, for a twelvemonth, I taught the academy in your city, yet the blood moves more warmly in my veins, at the mention of that little word, Bangor! *Quere.* Is this partly because I am in some sort of kith and kin with the good people of your Welch named place, for family tradition ascribes to me a Welch origin? However this may be, reason enough exists in the interest I have taken in your admirable School of the Prophets, and sympathies in common with some of your citizens still, and others who have gone to their rest, in the education of your native and Indian and Greek youth.

May I be indulged in a suggestion that among other doings suitable to the occasion, in grateful remembrance of your past history and present prosperity, you inaugurate a movement through your own, or the National Legislature, towards *a division of their land among my old friends of the Penobscot tribe?* In consequence of your dwelling among them, their game and their forests have passed away, leaving to them only a trifling annuity and their undivided beautiful islands above Oldtown. Scarcely anything, as it appears to me, would tend more to their welfare, than such a result.

With my best wishes for "*Norombega*" and the "*Kenduskeag Plantation*, I remain, very respectfully, yours,

JOSIAH BREWER.

LETTER FROM GEORGE A. THATCHER, ESQ.

Hon. E. L. Hamlin and others, Committee:

GENTLEMEN:—In the early part of the present century, Bangor received a large accession to its population, mostly from the neighboring States of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Among these we remember with pleasure many of our most useful and substantial former citizens, men whose character for integrity and enterprise have made their mark upon this whole community and left a rich legacy to their descendants, of which they may justly be proud.

They laid the foundations of virtue, education and business, upon such a basis that all succeeding generations will feel their influence. They were indeed "the solid men of Bangor." Let their names be recorded in our history as public benefactors, from whose combined energy and wisdom have resulted to a great extent, the present prosperous and happy condition of our beloved city.

Those of us still remaining may well take lessons from their

example, and so fulfill our present duties as to merit the gratitude and praise so richly due to these excellent men who have gone before us. Let me give the names of some of the class referred to, as among the most prominent and useful.

Sam'l E. Dutton, Jacob McGaw, Allen Gilman, Wm. D. Williamson, John Godfrey, Thomas A. Hill, Park Holland, Rev. Harvey Loomis, Dr. Hosea Rich, Dr. Joshua P. Dickinson, Dea. Wm. Boyd, Dea. Eliashib Adams, Moses and Amos Patten, John and Wm. Emerson, John and Geo. Barker, Joseph, James, Frank and J. Wingate Carr, Abner Taylor, Geo. W. and Tilly Brown, Caleb C. Billings, John Ham, Wm. Forbes, Thos. Bradbury, Philip Coombs, John Pearson, Benj. Wyatt, Samuel and Henry Call, Chas. and Wm. Rice, Jacob and Benj. Garland, James B. and John Fiske, Zadoc French, Jos. Leavitt, Wiggins Hill, Asa Davis, Isaac Lincoln, Edmund Dole, Zadoc Davis, Stephen and Daniel Kimball, David J. Bent, Robt. Parker, John and Stover Perkins, Jos. R. Lumbert, Wm. and Chas. Hammond. This brings me to the special object of this communication, to wit: a short memoir of Capt. Charles Hammond, who perhaps may properly be considered one of the most distinguished members of the list.

He was born in Newton, Mass., of highly respectable parentage, Sept. 6, 1779. When quite young, having a taste for mercantile life, after serving a clerkship in Roxbury, he removed to the neighboring town of Concord, where he entered into copartnership with Jonathan Heywood and continued in trade until 1806. All the old men of that place speak of him as being "one of the first men of the place."

In 1805 he married Elisabeth Brown, (the present Mrs. Billings of this city.) During the next year, his attention being turned towards this region of country by his brother Wm., who preceded him, he took up his residence here and immediately became identified with its business and prosperity. He was of imposing and attractive personal address and of frank and honorable dealing. These characteristics, together with a noble public spirit, commanded the respect and esteem of the

community and gave him great power over his fellow men.

He soon became largely interested in real estate in this and some of the neighboring towns. His principal purchase was what was known as lot No. 70, Holland's survey, on the west side of Kenduskeag Stream, originally held by one Buzzell, a relative of the first settler of the same name.

This lot commenced at a point on the Kenduskeag Stream near the store occupied by Wm. A. Bartlett, running northwesterly in the rear of Kenduskeag Bank, across Main and Columbia to Ohio St. and up to near Thomas' Hill, thence to the Kenduskeag Stream in a northeasterly direction, and thence down the stream to the place of beginning, including, as it will be seen, West Market Square, City Hall, the Court House and Jail lots, and an important part of the business portion of the city.

He engaged in mercantile business in a store built by himself and Abner Taylor, on the corner now occupied by the Wheelwright block, and continued until his death in 1815.

West Market Square was laid out and presented by him to the town, and ought to bear his name. City Hall lot was purchased of Capt. Hammond by a company of citizens for the purpose of erecting a building for public uses, of which he retained several shares. This building was used for several years for town meetings, religious worship and other uses, when it passed into the hands of the "Bangor Court House Corporation." In the year 1817 it was leased to the County of Penobscot for a term of ten years, reserving the right of using it for religious worship, for which purpose it was occupied by the First Congregational Society, under the ministry of Rev. Harvey Loomis, up to 1822, when they moved into their new church on the East side of the stream,—which was the first Meeting house erected in Bangor. In 1825 the County purchased City Hall and lot of the proprietors, and used it until the new Court House on Hammond Street was built, when it was sold and conveyed to the city.

Capt. Hammond was a leading man in all public improve-

ments and had his life been spared, must have amassed a large fortune. He represented the town in the General Court of Massachusetts in the years 1813 and 1814, and in many other ways received expressions of honor and confidence from his fellow citizens.

Retaining an interest in military matters, which he imbibed in early life, he was chiefly instrumental in raising the Bangor Artillery Company, which he commanded at the time of the "Battle of Hampden," and which was said to have behaved with great valor and discretion.

He died young and much lamented, on the 12th April, 1815, aged 36. In a journal kept by Joseph Leavitt, Esq., at that time, giving a list of deaths for 1815, he speaks of Capt. Hammond in this short but very significant and complimentary manner: "The brightest ornament we have in point of talent and usefulness."

FROM REV. JOHN C. ADAMS.

FALMOUTH, Sept. 1st, 1869.

GENTLEMEN:—Accept my thanks for the honor of an invitation to the anticipated "Centennial."

It would give me great pleasure to be present, but I am sorry to say that it is very doubtful whether I can be.

I rejoice in the idea of such a celebration as you contemplate, as I do in everything tending to the honor or the advantage of Bangor. I know no other home than Bangor. "My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to"—Bangor, and under the shadow of Mt. Hope, in a definite 6 ft. x 2 ft. which I have before my mind's eye, I pleasurably anticipate taking up my last earthly rest.

It cannot be amiss to add the hope that when Bangor is no more, we may all be inhabitants of that "City which hath *foundations*, whose builder and maker is God."

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN C. ADAMS.

Hon. ELIJAH L. HAMLIN and others, Committee.

FROM GEN'L J. C. STEVENS.

LANCASTER, Sept. 11, 1869.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your kind invitation to be present at the Centennial celebration of Bangor, and I trust that I need not assure you of my regret that circumstances compel me to forego the pleasure it would afford me to mingle with my fellow citizens in the festivities of so auspicious an occasion; one which marks the great improvement and records the progress of a city so steadily developing its surrounding elements of prosperity. But whether present or absent in person, be assured my heart is with you, for how can I forget to feel a deep interest in the welfare of a city in which I have spent the greater part of my days, and whose society has so much contributed to my happiness. But when I visit Bangor and see so few faces that remind me of my early days, I am forcibly admonished of the rapid flight of time, and that I am growing old, and that few of my contemporaries in age remain to fill the places of their fathers who have departed this life and whose memories I shall never cease to revere.

Wishing you all the enjoyment which such an occasion is eminently calculated to call forth, I am, gentlemen, with great respect for the citizens of Bangor and for your Committee,

Your Obedient Servant,

J. C. STEVENS.

To Hon. ELIJAH L. HAMLIN and others, Committee of Invitation, Bangor, Me.

FROM J. A. CUSHING, ESQ.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
CONTRACT OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 27th, 1869.

DEAR SIRS:

I thank you for the invitation extended to me to be present at the coming Centennial Celebration.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Never with me,

having remembrance of the friendship and kindness of Bangor citizens. These I cannot forget if I would, and would not forget if I could. I, a native of Salisbury, N. H., living for a while with a dear sister, Mrs. Flint, then a resident of Charleston, Me., now of Bangor, was permitted by her and her husband, Dr. Flint, then living, to take a horseback ride to Bangor, the embryo city, that as Plantation and Town, had not seen quite a half century. Buoyant with health and enjoying every moment "as only boyhood can," I started at early morn in July, 1819, passing through more wilderness than "clearing," over more "corduroy road" and sloughs than hard ground, and by more log houses than framed ones, found myself, at about 12 m. looking down from Thomas' Hill, on the nucleus of a city destined to be a mighty power.

I was accredited to Messrs. Hill & McLaughlin, by whom I was treated with kindness and politeness. Having but three hours to spend, I went down the Hampden road by Williamson's house and law office, a long distance, as it then seemed, to a tan yard, thence to Joppa where there were a few houses, thence back, by a house on the rise of land opposite where the Bangor House now stands, thence down the southeast side of Main Street by framed buildings, in one of which was the Post Office, to Burton's printing office, and thence back to Messrs. H. & McL.'s store on the northwest side of West Market Square.

Resting a few minutes, I started again, went to Messrs. M. & N. Patten's, Taylor & Brown's, to the wharves, on board sloops and schooners, over the Kenduskeag to East side, returned, went to the Hatch House for my horse, paid a very light bill for his and my refreshment, and at a little past 3 P. M. was wending my way homeward, not then thinking that, in about thirteen years thereafter, Bangor was to be my home.

The sun had set before I left Kenduskeag, (then Levant) and through the woods my companions were the horse I rode and an owl that kept pace to enliven me with his musical utterances. At a little past 11 P. M. I had arrived home, a little tired, a lit-

tle sleepy, but with the panorama of all I had seen indelibly pictured on my mind. I give this as it appears uprising after the lapse of half a century; not all that I recollect, for that would fill a volume, and mayhap some error of location is in this, stated only from recollection.

And now, dear friends, on you and those you represent, on Bangor and all its interests, I invoke blessings, and though it is impossible for me to join you in "the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Bangor," the desire of my heart is with yours for its future prosperity, as in rejoicing for its past and present.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. A. CUSHING.

Hon. ELIJAH L. HAMLIN and others, Committee.

FROM NATHANIEL HATCH, ESQ.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 31st, 1869.

GENTLEMEN:—I hasten to thank you for your kind invitation to your Centennial Celebration of the first settlement of Bangor, and I hope it will be in my power to accept it, as it will give me heartfelt pleasure to meet so many dear old friends, and exchange with them words of sympathy and congratulation; to recall once more the memory of dear loved ones passed away forever, and to speak of how much they would enjoy the evidences of wealth, prosperity and progress which surround us on every side. In their time it was a great event of the village to get a *mail* from Boston once in two weeks, (brought by a man on horseback.) As to other interests, some small sailing vessel or swift Indian canoe stole silently up the inlets, now crowded with shipping. No scream of locomotive on land, or of ocean steamer told of unbroken traffic with the other hemisphere. One small school house was the centre of intelligence, for education, religion and politics. They read with a shudder of the efforts of Franklin to bring down the

lightning, that the impious wretch deserved the vengeance of Heaven; little dreaming that in our day they might if they wished, *talk with a friend in London or San Francisco.*

My love for my native city does not exceed my admiration of her *political history*, when I consider the forward place she has always taken in every struggle to maintain the right. Her sons have always been found in the front rank of every newly settled and *progressive* State of this Union, and when our moral progress was in danger of being sacrificed, "the battle cry of freedom" found them at the posts where death and desperation were to be met and conquered. I need not remind you of the many whose names stand high upon the roll-call of earth, and who are so proudly welcomed, or of the many even more precious to our hearts and memories, who answer a higher roll-call in Heaven.

Regretting that my three sons, all natives of Bangor, will be prevented by distance from being present on that interesting occasion,

I have the honor to be, very truly,

Your Friend and Servant,

NATHANIEL HATCH.

Hon. Committee of Invitation to the Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Bangor, Me., on the 30th Sept., 1869.

FROM C. D. GILMORE, ESQ.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 22d, 1869.

Hon. Elijah L. Hamlin and others, Committee of Invitation:

GENTLEMEN:—You have my thanks for your invitation to be present with you and unite in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of our beloved city of Bangor.

I am grieved that pressing business engagements compel me to forego that great pleasure.

It seems almost impossible that only one century has elapsed

since Stephen Buzzell reared his log cabin on the banks of the Kenduskeag, with a desolate wilderness on either hand, unbroken save by the "whoop of the savage" and the prowlings of the wolf. Yet such is the evidence of history.

Within that century the beautiful valley of the Penobscot has been made to smile with verdure, many thousand homes bright and sunny as the valley itself have been dotted on the landscape from tide water to Madawaska, while the noble river has become a highway for fleets such as were never equalled in Roman days and rarely excelled even in our commercial age. And the city itself, what can be said that by possibility may add to her name and fame? There she stands, the emporium of the commerce, the manufactures and the learning of this great valley. There she stands, with her sixty public schools, her ten benevolent associations, her libraries of twenty-five thousand volumes, her fine newspapers and fifteen churches. There she stands, a great lumber market, with her immense banking capital and saving institutions—the center of wealth, intelligence and refinement of our great State. Yes, there she stands, with a sturdy foot on each side of the Kenduskeag, looking upward and downward through the great valley like a watchful sentinel keeping guard over treasures too precious for ordinary care. And most charming is the site selected for this sentry.

The traveller who visits Bangor for the first time discovers at a glance why its early inhabitants directed Seth Noble to name the place *Sunbury*, for sunshine appears to be its normal condition. It is said that Noble gave the name of *Bangor* to our city by reason of his love for the old psalm tune, but a more facetious and perhaps appropriate cause is sometimes found from its similarity in function to the mastiff of the ancient story:

> "Miller's big dog sat on the barn floor,
> And *Bango* was his name."

Possibly the future student of nomenclature may combine the two coincidences and show how it occurred that one city

became the exemplar both of watchful care and devout harmony. I give you the following sentiment:

Maine has its hundred harbors, but of *Bangors* only one.

I have the honor to be,

With high regard,

Your ob't servant,

CHAS. D. GILMORE.

FROM WILLIS PATTEN, ESQ.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept, 24th, 1869.

Hon. E. L. Hamlin,

DEAR SIR:—I have received an invitation from the Committee (of which you are Chairman,) to be present for the purpose of attending the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Bangor.

You must be aware that very few more pleasant events could occur to me, than the one I am kindly invited to take part in, and it is therefore with regret that I am so situated, at the present time, as to forego the anticipated enjoyment.

When an old man is asked to meet the friends of his boyhood and of his younger days, it is with scarcely an exception a most powerful incentive to him to put aside all other duties for the purpose of rewarming the heart and awakening the impressions of his former years by the sight and presence of old associates. If this is so, of course the incentive is doubled when it is considered that the spot of meeting is my birthplace and for many years my residence. So you may possibly judge somewhat of my disappointment in not being with you on that day.

It is probable that there will not be many among those gathered together then, of *my age*, who were to the manor born, for a large proportion of the present residents of Bangor are called in some places "Carpet baggers."

From all the causes above mentioned, not to speak of the

fact that the 30th is the anniversary of *my marriage*, you may rest assured, it is with much reluctance that I am forced to state my inability to respond in person instead of by this weak substitute of the pen. If allowable I would offer this toast:

The enterprising City of Bangor, Queen of our East, whose citizens are as proverbial for their public spirit and kindness as are the waters of old Penobscot for its delicious salmon; may her sons be as stalworth and warm hearted, and her daughters as fine looking and true, hereafter as heretofore.

I can only close by wishing you may have nature's best benediction in the shape of good weather; there is little doubt all else will be as successful as need be.

I am, very Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIS PATTEN.

FROM HENRY DUTTON, ESQ.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1869.

Hon. E. L. Hamlin, Chairman of Committee:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of 20th Aug. last, covering invitation to attend Centennial Celebration of the Anniversary of the settlement of Bangor is received, and in reply will say that I very much regret that distance and my engagements will prevent availing myself of your kind invitation, which as a native of Bangor it would give me great pleasure to accept; inasmuch as it will be out of my power to be present, allow me to introduce to you my oldest son, Henry, who is now on a visit east, and who will probably be present; if so, please consider him my representative, as well as his own, who also feels a lively interest in the prosperity of his native place. While I might mention quite a number of items of similarity between my adopted and my native city, I will merely state that they both had their commencement the same year, for it was in July 1769, that Gov. Postaler with Father Junipero Serra and their

coadjutors first set foot on the soil of San Francisco for the purpose of permanent settlement, which culminated in a flourishing Presidio and mission.

Always feeling proud of the growth and prosperity of the Queen City of the East, allow me to give you:

The City of Bangor,—As in the past, so in the future, may she be the pride and boast of her sons in whatever land Providence has seen good to cast their lot.

Please accept my cordial thanks for your polite invitation and for the beautiful representations of my native town which accompany it, while I remain,

Very truly, your ob't serv't,

HENRY DUTTON.

FROM REV. WM. C. POND.

San Francisco, Sept. 17th, 1869.

Hon. E. L. Hamlin and others, Committee:

Gentlemen:—Many thanks for your invitation now lying before me, to celebrate with you the first Centennial of "Kenduskeag Plantation." I wish I could accept it, and see on so good a day, the imposing and beautiful city which has supplanted the lonesome log-cabin of Sept., 1769.

Many as the years are which have passed since I was more than a visitor in Bangor, no other spot has come to seem so much like home. From the out-set of my life in California, I have taken and read, as the next thing to a home letter, the "Bangor Courier." I have entered thus, with almost the interest of an actual resident, into the questions that, from year to year, have agitated your community. I have watched the progress of churches and schools, of street improvements and R. R. enterprises, and have been proud that a sagacious liberality was holding for Bangor the place which nature appointed her, of the metropolis of Central and Eastern Maine. When will

she add to this, the glory of being one of the chief *Work-shops* of New England ?

I have never met a man in California who came from Maine, —much less from Bangor—who was not proud to tell his origin. If I had, I must have despised him. May the second century of that goodly place "be as the first and much more abundant !

Yours very respectfully,

WM. C. POND.

FROM REV. JOSHUA YOUNG.

FALL RIVER, Sept. 21st, 1869.

GENTLEMEN AND DEAR SIRS:—Your note of invitation received some time since, to attend the one hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of Bangor, to take place on the 30th, would have had an earlier reply but that I have hoped I might find it possible to be with you on that interesting occasion, and take part in the festivities in memory of "Auld Lang Syne."

I must yield to the necessity that keeps me away, but am none the less grateful for your kind remembrance of one who finds, with some sadness at his heart every time he makes his annual visit to the home of his childhood, less and less who know him or whom he knows; but whose interest, nevertheless, in the place he will always think of as "his own city," suffers no abatement, but has increase rather from the tendency natural to most persons, I think, to return with peculiar fondness to their first loves and former prepossessions as they grow older.

I suppose I have a right to be called a Bangor Boy, for although not Bangor born, my memory goes not back beyond the time when I there began to be conscious of my existence, as a little curious urchin trying the ways of the world, as a voyager come to a new shore and exploring the land. And thinking of this, I find I am getting gray, for I can embrace within my own recollections of Bangor almost half the years of its age. And what changes have taken place in that time.

Ponds where I used to skate have disappeared. Water in which I used to swim has retired before the firmer element on which now rest the walls of stores and warehouses. The wood into which I durst not venture far for fear of bears, is now traversed by populous streets. Four bridges, instead of one, span the stream. Nine church-steeples instead of two pierce the sky. And large, handsome school-houses, I don't know how many, allure the children in with the enticements of wisdom and gentleness rather than the rod and ratan.

Of these and such like changes others will speak whose recollections run farther back than mine, and who have followed the growth and improvement of your city with the eyes of constant and gratified observers.

I am sure you will have a good time, and much I shall lose by not being there.

Absent in body, allow me to be present in spirit by the following sentiment, wherein I would express my affection for my native city (for I remember no other as such,) and the pride I take in its past career and its future prospects:

Success to the rising star in the east; may it shine with ever-increasing lustre as it mounts to the zenith. May its increase in population and wealth only be surpassed by the wise and intelligent interest taken by its citizens in the "weightier matters of the law" of true progress—Spiritual worship and Popular Education—the sure safeguards of any community; the foundations that never give way, of a lasting Prosperity.

Reciprocating the sentiments of your letter of invitation,

I am, my dear Sirs,

Yours as ever,

JOSHUA YOUNG.

To Messrs. E. L. Hamlin and others, Committee.

FROM OLIVER FROST, ESQ.

Boston, Sept. 1st, 1869.

Messrs. E. L. Hamlin, and others, Committee:

Your kind favor inviting me to be present at the celebration

of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Bangor on the 30th inst., is before me.

I am about starting on a northern tour to the New Dominion. This will detain me so late I can scarcely hope to be relieved from official duties long enough to enable me to be with you on that interesting occasion, but will do so if possible.

Every community should keep up the landmarks of its history and faithfully record all the events which stamp upon it a distinctive character of its own, at different periods of its progress.

Little is known from history of the national character of our ancestors—the Tarratines—or of their country—Norombega—from the day of the Baskahegan Giants to the visit of Martin Pring in 1603 and of Pierre de Gast Sieure de Monts, in 1605. They were, however, a brave and heroic race, and if their history had been recorded it would have developed many valiant deeds of dauntless courage and stratagem in the numerous conflicts for empire among the different nations of North America during the sixteenth century.

The succeeding generations—up to that most important epoch, Sept. 30th, 1769, when Stephen Buzzell and family settled on the brow of the hill one hundred rods from the Penobscot on the Kenduskeag in Norombega, passed through a transition period which not only stamped their own character but that of an empire and a continent.

The Jesuits at Tadousac with Richlieu in the back ground and the Castilions at Fernandina and St. Augustine under Pedro Menendez, and succeeding adventurers under their respective royal masters, struggled hard for an empire which should eclipse in magnitude and grandeur the kingdoms of the old world.

They did not succeed—but another race stepped in and occupied the land already enriched by the blood of martyrs and heroes and prepared themselves for the enjoyment of freedom and equality of birth—the inheritance of the generations succeeding Feb. 25th, 1794, when Bangor took her baptismal name

in Norombega, claiming all the lands from Souadabscook to Penjejewock.

What shall be said of this period and what of its results?—a period of wars and commotions among the nations of the earth struggling for liberty against tyranny—kingdoms divided and parcelled out to strengthen the strong and make the weak more keenly feel their weakness. Finally all this is succeeded by a period of calmness and reflection. Rulers began to feel a responsibility to the governed and a duty to the commerce of the world—a progressive intelligence and the fraternal feelings of divided nationalities combined to reunite them and teach the arts of peace.

We have seen the kingdoms of the world bound together by a chain of living, speaking intelligence, spanning mountain and ocean till Bombay and New York are within speaking distance of eight minutes. Napoleon has built a new highway from Paris and London—from Hamburg and Constantinople,—from St. Petersburg and Stockholm to the rich storehouses of Calcutta and Bombay and to all India and the Celestial Empire.

We have turned the waters of the Great Lakes into the Atlantic—the Mississippi into the Penobscot—the St. Lawrence into Casco Bay and finally the Pacific ocean into Massachusets Bay;—so that San Francisco, St Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston and Bangor are near neighbors. So let it be the work of your generation occupying the grand centre of Norombega—Lords of the Exchequer, as our own ancestors were Lords of the forest—to bring to your doors the waters of Moosehead, Chesuncook, Tamiscouta, Peckeenegomoak, Walloostook, Wahlahgas, Meduxnekeag, Washdemoak, Mirimichi, Petite Caudiac, Bay of Fundy and Sislidobsis, so that soon Halifax, St. John, Fredericton, Woodstock, Madawaska and Quebec shall be your near neighbors—that the time may soon arrive when the three great cities of North America, Bangor, New York, and San Francisco shall be the representatives of the wealth, population, intelligence and enterprise of the eastern, central and western divisions of our country.

I am, very respectfully, your ob't serv't.

OLIVER FROST.

FROM NATHANIEL FRENCH, ESQ.

AUBURN, Sept. 4th, 1869.

GENTLEMEN: Your kind letter, inviting me to meet with you on the 30th inst. to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Bangor, has been received. It revives in my mind some interesting incidents of my life. In 1826 I removed from my native town, situated among the hills of New Hampshire, to Bangor. My neighbors said to me, that I was certainly going from home, as Bangor was on the verge of civilization. Soon after I arrived at Bangor, John Wilson of Brewer enquired of me how many bridles I brought with me. He said it was expected that one horse would soon be missing after a man arrived from New Hampshire. He said there would be no particular complaint made if only *one* was taken, but they were unwilling to have them carried off in pairs. He gave me to understand distinctly that *one* horse was a regular Danegelt tax, which Bangor and vicinity, had consented to pay to New Hampshire, provided it secured immunity from further depredations for one year.

As an offset from New Hampshire, when I returned to my native town, I was enquired of by a mechanic, (who said he thought of going to Bangor for employment,) if Bangor people lived comfortably. He said he had been informed, that they lived mostly on fish and clams. He further inquired if the white people and Indians associated together as neighbors, and intermarried. I was at a loss to decide which had the poorest opinion of the other. But New Hampshire and Maine people are now better acquainted with each other. Bangor in 1826 was an active business place, and had a healthy growth up to 1835, when the wild exciting times of speculation commenced, which for some two or three years so frenzied people with a desire to accumulate fortunes in a day, that ordinary business was deemed by many of little consequence.

During those times, I presume few persons in Bangor thought of looking for a better or more desirable place to live in. but

soon after the speculation bubble burst, Bangor not only wilted, but was apparently in a state of paralysis, and judging from remarks made at the time, I presume it really appeared to some that Bangor was more the antitype of Jonah's Gourd, which came up in a night and perished the next night, than a place of permanent reality. But time, which tests and determines the inherent value of things, in A. D. 1869 shows Bangor to be a decided reality, a beautiful and important city, second, I suppose, to only one in our State, and judging from the effort she is making to secure all the advantages her situation commands, by opening railroad facilities for doing an increased business, I suppose that you are expecting the next Centennial Celebration of Bangor will find her without a rival in our State, either in size or wealth.

Success to your enterprise! But be it remembered, that a city of spindles, situated on the Androscoggin River, has deposited its entry fee for the sweepstakes in the race of the next century.

I cheerfully accept your invitation, and intend to share with my old friends and acquaintances in the festivities of the occasion.

Very Respectfully,

Your ob't Serv't,

NATHANIEL FRENCH.

Hon. ELIJAH L. HAMLIN and others, Committee.

FROM THOS. S. HARLOW, ESQ.

BOSTON, August 21st, 1869.

To Messrs. Elijah L. Hamlin and others, Committee:

GENTLEMEN:—I am very happy to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to unite with you in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Bangor; and I certainly intend to do myself the honor and the pleasure of being present on an occasion of so much interest. I have always

found great delight in revisiting the home of my boyhood, and marking the many changes which time brings with it, and I have in my mind a very distinct picture of a small town, built almost wholly of wood, of about 2200 inhabitants, something holding a middle ground between the upper and lower halves of the engraving which embellishes your invitation, less wooded than the first, and much less city like than the last.

I hardly thought the good old lady had attained so venerable an age; and yet I trust she has not reached her prime. And I doubt not that the boy, who now goes to school where I once went, will live to see her, in population and character, the first city in the Pine tree State.

Gentlemen, I thank you cordially for your kind remembrance of me in your invitation, and I accept it with great pleasure.

I am, Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

THOMAS S. HARLOW.

REV. WM. T. SAVAGE.

FRANKLIN, N. H., Sept. 16, 1869.

GENTLEMEN:—Yours of the 20th ult., inviting me to the celebration of the one hundredth year of the settlement of Bangor, to take place on the 30th inst., was duly received.

It would afford me peculiar gratification to be present on that occasion, and I have delayed responding to your courteous letter till now, in the hope that severe illness in my family would be mitigated and permit me that pleasure; but in this I am disappointed.

Bangor, my native place, was once all the world to me, and fond recollection brings up vividly a thousand scenes associated with its past history.

I do *not* remember when in 1814 the British chased the frigate Adams up the Penobscot, dispersed Capt. Morris' marines and took possession of Bangor; although I was there and took a *small* part in affairs at the time. I was a baby begin-

ning to creep, and was practicing that profession in my father's house, at the corner of Main and Water streets. Here some of the officers of the invading troops were quartered. The soldiers had rifled Mr. Bent's bake-house (as well as the Post Office and Judge Williamson's garden, across the street,) and had tossed gingerbread, for my benefit, into the windows, till the pieces literally checkered the floor. They were delighted to see a babe, and asked to hand me out. So, after much persuasion, I was handed out through the window, into the arms of a soldier, and by him passed on to the next; and having once got started thus, I was handed over from soldier to soldier successively down the entire line, then drawn up before the house; and, after having been duly inspected by each, I was returned safely back again. This was my first interview with the British, and, in point of gentleness it was probably peculiar among the citizens of the town.

Among the earliest of my instructors, was Aunt Betty Minot, who kept school in a one story hip-roofed house, standing on what I think is Columbia street, near the city Hall. This was afterwards the seat of the "Bangor Young Ladies' Academy," where many young men, as well as young ladies, were helped on towards fame;—some of whom, alas, never reached it. A succession of worthy teachers graced the rolls of the Academy, among whom occur the names of Messrs. Brewer, Coburn and Quimby; and there are varied accompanying incidents of their respective administrations, about which Joseph Carr, Esq., of your Committee, and numerous other actors and *patients* with myself, if willing, could copiously and interestingly testify.

Among the teachers on the West side of the Kenduskeag, who stand forth prominently outlined on the past, I see a stern form, irreverently entitled "Old Briggs," who not infrequently thrashed the boys, bad and other, with his horsewhip. And then, in quite a different category, there are Benj. Nourse and Elliot Valentine. In the classical department of the Seminary, I easily recognize the respected forms of the Rev. Messrs. Dr. Adams, Woodhull and others.

The first public worship that I remember was held in the old Court House, and the first Sabbath School was in the gallery, extending around three sides of the Court room. The Rev. Harvey Loomis, the early settled Pastor, I recall as a most amiable man, with the ready expression of Christian and humane sentiment from the pulpit, and one to whom little children were at once attracted, in the social circle. I was present in the First Parish church on that stormy Sabbath morning, the first in January, 1825, when he fell in the pulpit and expired. I sat in the body pew, nearest the pulpit; Judge Williamson and others rushed past, mounted the pulpit steps and bore him down to the vestibule door, in hope of reviving him; but it was too late, life was extinct; the unpreached sermon, on examination, was found to have for its text: "This year thou shalt die." The sad event sent a gloom over the whole town.

I wonder whether the coasting is as good in Bangor at present as in days of yore; and whether the boys now begin from the school house at the top of Union street, coast down Main, strike into Water, and thence glide down upon the ice of the Kenduskeag? Or better still, whether starting from High street, they shoot direct down the steeper declivity, across Main, onward to the stream, taking along in their way any of the Selectmen who may chance to be leading their horses up from watering? But I fear the liberties of other times may have been abridged under the growth of power. Those were days of pristine simplicity, when Bangor possessed only ten or twelve hundred citizens.

Great change has come over West Market Square since Messrs. Taylor & Brown piled up shingles so amazingly at the west end of Kenduskeag Bridge. Geo. W. Pickering, not far distant, kept an excellent crockery store, and Rufus Dwinel later dispensed a cheering variety, in supply of the ladies' wants. The hay scale, with its long chains, then adorned Main Street, where we played ball in summer and skated in winter. Messrs. Hill & Dole's Cabinet shop followed, and the residences of Messrs. Thos. A. Hill and John Barker completed

the connection to Water street. In the mansion of my birth, I recollect the Theological Seminary, once located for a time, and also the residence of the Rev. Dr. John Smith, Professor of Theology. Thence onward, the houses of Messrs. Henry Call, Francis Roberts and Wiggins Hill finished the mansions, to the Bangor House.

Time would fail me to tell of the Doctors, Rich and Dickinson; of the Lawyers, McGaw, Gilman and Williamson; of Edes and Burton, publishers of the "Bangor Register;" of the rising churches and the bible given by Mr. Buzzy; of the taverns, kept by Hatch, Chick and Hutchins; of Taylor's and Dutton's Coves, where we used "to go in swimming" at high water, and of the stump-covered fields and knolls where we once hunted wolves and woodchucks, now crossed by streets and densely occupied by human abodes.

But I beg you, gentlemen, pardon me these reminiscences called forth by your invitation.

I dwell quietly at the head waters of the Merrimack, among "the hills of God and the trees which His own hand hath planted;" yet it has happened to me to have wandered widely among the Capitals and seats of knowledge and arts on most of the Continents; but the one place on the whole earth's surface where I would wish to be, on the 30th of September next, is Bangor. Please accept my thanks for the summons to the old home, and pity me that I am forbidden to come. The old friends, the cherished early associations, the historical facts and the varied significance and influence of the place, as they will be evoked on the occasion, would delight me. May the selectest influences be with you, and the day be full of cheer to the dear old mother and her gathered children.

With much consideration, I am

Very faithfully yours,

WM. T. SAVAGE.

Messrs. E. L. Hamlin and others.

FROM JOSEPH CARR, ESQ.

GENTLEMEN :—

Not having had the pleasure of being present at the Centennial celebration of the city, I am unwilling, as a Bangor born boy, to let the occasion pass without contributing my mite towards the commemoration of the event. Some few of my early recollections may be of interest now, and of value hereafter.

When I was a boy, what is now Harlow street was called Poplar street, and extended from Meadow brook to Penobscot river. There were at that time only five dwelling houses on Poplar street between Meadow brook and Kenduskeag bridge. On the east side of the street was the house of Nathaniel Harlow, which is now standing on Central street, next above the Baptist brick church. The entrance to this house was through a large farm gate which opened from Poplar street just where Centre street now intersects with Harlow. On the west side of the street near Meadow brook was the dwelling house of Nathaniel Burrill, afterwards known as the Drew house. The next house south was the house of my father, which is yet standing. Some quarter of a mile south on the same side of the street, a few rods below the corner formed by Central street bridge and Harlow street was a two story wooden house then known as the Lapish house and afterwards as the Crosby house ; a small brook crossed the street just south of this house, and on the north side of the brook, a little way from the street and near the stream was the house of John Harlow. The brick engine house stands very near if not on the very spot where this Harlow house stood. There was also a small log house standing on the east side of the street, just north of the brick church, and I think was used by Mr. Harlow as a pump and block maker's shop. All the land, from the corner of State street where now stands the Granite block in East Market Square, to Meadow brook, was fenced with cedar posts and rails, and used as a mowing field and cow pasture, but it was

mostly in bushes. Oak trees were growing where is now French street, and between that and Exchange street. Tall poplar trees were growing in front of every house on the street, and hence the name given the street. Meadow brook was crossed by a high wooden bridge, under which was a flume and a water wheel which furnished water for a tannery. The land between my father's house and the house of John Harlow was fenced in and partially in mowing; but trees, bushes and stumps were more plenty than grass. A foot path ran along the banks of the stream, and I have shot rabbits, pigeons and partridges there, and have often seen wild geese and ducks in the stream by my father's house. Quite a brook of water ran across the street where Spring street now intersects with Harlow street, and there was a watering place there on the west side of Harlow street, where travelers and others drove down in their carriages to water their horses. There was a large ravine extending from the east side of Broadway and just north of Penobscot street, the water from which and a large spring just south of French street helped to form a brook which ran into the stream near the house of John Harlow. On the hill north of Cumberland street, where now stands the depot of the Oldtown and Milford Railroad, there was quite a little pond of water, around the edges of which grew quantities of lambkill or laurel; on this pond small boys skated in winter, and killed frogs in summer to see if it would make cows give bloody milk. There was also a very deep ravine or gutter on the north side of State street, extending from the corner of Poplar street nearly to the brick school house; it was some twenty or thirty feet deep, and had been formed by heavy rains. It was one of the delights of the boys going and coming from school to run through this ravine and cut out from the hard clay petrified acorns. The first school that I attended was kept by a Mr. Belcher, in a room in the house of the late Israel Snow, which house is still standing on the south side of the lower end of Broadway, near its intersection with Washington street. It was deemed one of the handsome houses of the day, and the

carved cornices under its eaves, show at this day that it had some claim to the reputation. The next school that I attended was in a wooden school house on State street where now stands the brick one. Boys and girls went to this school, and many and all sorts of school masters developed their genius and practised their experiments here. If the scholars did not learn, it certainly was not the fault of their teachers, for they were shamed, coaxed, bullied, flogged and feruled after the most approved fashion of the day. Fools caps were often threatened, but I do not recollect of seeing them worn; a blow on the open hand with a heavy mahogany ruler, or a box or a tweak of the ear, or a knock on the head with the aforesaid ruler, were the ordinary punishments and modes of discipline; but the triumph of art was a good, stout birch stick, well laid on. At this time there was neither Broadway, nor Pine street, nor Essex street, nor Grove street; large oaks and trees of a smaller growth were in all these places, and close about the school house. For the ruler the boys had a remedy by putting an eyelash crosswise in the palm of the hand, but the expected impunity from pain was never gained thereby; there was no remedy for the birch except off jacket, stand and take it. Of all original punishments, that by schoolmaster Knight is entitled to precedence. It was his custom on hot afternoons to take a nap in his chair, and calling up some boy whom he thought deserved punishment, he would make him stand in front of him, facing the school, and stretching himself out on his easy chair, would place his legs on the shoulders of the boy, telling him to keep a sharp lookout for the other boys; he would then calmly resign himself to sleep; but wo to the unfortunate boy if the legs fell.

Later there was a Young Ladies' Academy at which both young ladies and gentlemen attended. The first terms were kept in the third story of the brick stores on Washington street erected by the late Joseph Leavitt. It was afterward removed and kept in a small one story wooden building on what is now Columbia street, very near where now stands the brick engine

house. Among the superior advantages of the Academy over the town school, were declamations and written compositions in both Latin and Greek; the memory of some of the former remain, but all traces of the latter have disappeared. When I went to the State street school there were but two houses between State street and Poplar street, with the exception of the house of Nathaniel Harlow above mentioned. Both of these houses are still standing; one is on the line of Exchange street in the square formed by Penobscot street, French street and Somerset street, the other is on the corner of Broadway and Cumberland street, on the east side of Broadway and the north side of Cumberland street. Both of these houses were surrounded by large oaks and other trees and bushes, and were considered so much in the woods, especially the last one, (then unfinished and unoccupied,) that the boys did not like to go near them, especially after dark.

In the year 1806 my father built a wooden store now standing on Washington street at the City Point, between the brick stores built by Zadoc French and Joseph Leavitt, and the wharf known as "Carr's wharf," which was the first wharf built into the Penobscot river. In this store my father traded until about the year 1842. All sorts of goods were kept for sale, and Saturday was the great day of trade, and Saturday afternoon (my just holiday) was usually spent by me on compulsion in waiting on my father's customers. On this day there came to the store men from the celebrated families of Harthorns, McPhetres, Spencers and Inmans, bringing with them shingles, salmon, shad, smoked alewives and credit, for which they wanted tea, tobacco, calico and rum. It was one if not my chief duty to quench the thirst of these most thirsty customers. Innumerable gills, pints and quarts of good old "Santa Cruz" have I drawn and delivered to these genial souls, of whom I can truly say none were drunk, but "all had a drappie in their 'ee." I have now in my possession the original copper gill cup, which furnished these hardy pioneers what they con-

sidered to be almost their "meat and clothing," and their drink it certainly was.

Santa Cruz rum was one dollar a gallon; New England rum two shillings and sixpence; tea was four shillings and sixpence per pound; tobacco one shilling and sixpence; seven yards of calico made a dress for any ordinary sized woman; salmon sold for four pence halfpenny each, shad and alewives a cent apiece in small lots, or fifty cents a hundred by the quantity; but these last had no pecuniary value so far as a dozen or so went for any one's individual consumption. I have often seen nets drawn full of shad and alewives in Kenduskeag Stream, both above and below the bridge, and before any wharves were built into the stream. The Kenduskeag bridge was originally a toll bridge. It was incorporated by Massachusetts by act of the Legislature, June 20th, 1807, under the name of the "Bangor Bridge Company," and Moses Patten, Amos Patten, Nathaniel Harlow, Samuel E. Dutton, John Perkins, Jr., Robert Parker, Joseph Treat, John Balch, William Hammond, Jr., Jacob McGaw, Horatio G. Balch, Ebenezer Weston, Jr., Joseph Whipple, and their associates, were "authorized to build a bridge across the Kenduskeag stream at Bangor, from the County road on the northerly side thereof, to the landing near the house of William Hammond, and to take toll for twenty-seven years." By the terms of the act, "People going to and from public worship, schools and military duty, and residents going to and from any part of their farms, are exempted from tolls."

The house of Wm. Hammond, referred to in the act, stood very near, if not exactly on the spot where now stands the brick store at the corner of Hammond and Central streets. The stream has been slightly encroached upon since that time!

I cannot fix the time when I first went to a religious meeting. I only remember that I got tired and cried to go home. Meetings were held at this time in a back room of a wooden store at what is now City Point, and which stood where now stands the last brick store in the block on the west side of Exchange

street. The entrance to this room was by a wooden walk and railing on the outside and southeast end of the store. The services were afterward held in the wooden school house on State street, and then in the town, now city, hall on Columbia street, which at that time faced Main street, from which was the entrance up three flights of broad steps. The whole front of the town hall was in grass, and enclosed with a fence. Wooden posts stood at the corner of Hammond and Main streets, where a brick store now stands, through which a pathway led to and from the building.

Joseph Leavitt was the first Town Clerk that I remember, and I have often heard him publish the banns of matrimony by crying them aloud just before the services commenced. Mr. Leavitt and my uncle James Carr were the last two gentlemen that I remember as wearing their hair in a queue. Politics ran high in those days, and I have often seen members of my father's family, who were Democrats, stamp out of church when some obnoxious Federalist preached. I was too young then to understand it; but having in later days seen respectable men and women bounce out of church with venom and fury because the clergyman saw fit to preach on the crime of slavery or the wickedness of the great rebellion, I now see the point in all its ridiculous absurdity. The Rev. Harvey Loomis, the settled clergyman for fourteen years over the first Parish in Bangor, was a gentleman of genial habits, and most gentle and kindly feelings; the expression of his face was mild, and to look upon it one would feel inclined to say that it repudiated the doctrine he was known to preach. Notwithstanding his pleasing address and mild appearance, he was sound on the matter of doctrine. With him and for us it was a lake of fire and brimstone, "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." It was a square edged doctrine, and had the pitch in it. In these early days it was the custom on Fourth of July, General Musters, barn raisings, and all great and glorious celebrations and jollifications, to have, carry around and offer, buckets of good rum punch, of which all partook and felt better

therefor. Looking back on these days from my present standpoint, I sometimes think that a bucket of the one and a sermon of the other would be refreshing to the bodies and the souls of many of the present generation. Speaking of punch puts me in mind that a pipe of Cogniac brandy changed the whole business growth of Bangor for more than half a century. Two well known citizens, A. and B., purchased together a pipe of brandy, which by mutual consent was stored in the cellar of B. When they came to divide it, A. charged B. with having watered it, for which B. pulled the nose of A., and C. interfering as the friend of B., called A. a rascal, whereupon A. sued C. for defamation of character, and recovered some five hundred dollars damage, which the father of C. had to pay. A., however, offered to discharge the judgment if C. would apologize; but blood was up, and loss before dishonor the motto, and the offer was refused. A sort of truce was afterwards patched up, but it was only an armed neutrality. The store of B. was on the east side of the Kenduskeag, and that of A. was on the west side. From this day forward every effort was made by A. and his friends to build up the west side and depress the east side. Neither time, nor money, nor arguments, nor persuasions were spared to accomplish the end. The Court house, the Town house, the Jail, the Work house, hotels, stores and dwelling houses all went up on the west side under this influence; nay, even the grave yards were on the west side, and would have been there at this day if there had been a suitable location. All of the original parties to the quarrel are now dead; all were honorable men, and the two principals lived and died members of different churches on their respective sides of Kenduskeag Stream. To-day nature is reasserting herself, and business, like water, will find its natural channel on the east side of the Kenduskeag, as the next fifty years will show.

JOSEPH CARR.

COMMUNICATED BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

There are many interesting incidents connected with the history of Bangor early in this century, which will be useful to the future historian.

There was one instance of over-zeal in a good cause, the result of which was a pretty effectual "warning," for a time, at least.

Before Rev. Mr. Loomis was settled, the Lord's Day was disregarded, and profanity was as fashionable as it is now. The establishment of regular religious services on Sunday, led to a gradual improvement in the morals of the place. But in a few years some of the more advanced good people became impatient at the slow progress of affairs and sought to quicken it by a resort to the law. A large number of Tything-men was elected at town meeting, and with them as a basis, an association called the "Bangor Moral Society of Tything Men" was organized, to enforce a more rigid observance of the third and fourth commandments. Their action was vigorous; members patroled the streets, and all who were so unfortunate as to be detected in out-of-door pedestrianism or employment on Sunday were subjected to the penalty for transgression. At the commencement of their second year the society congratulated their friends on their success, and gave notice of their design to accomplish more in future. This provoked an opposition with which the moderate sympathized. The doings of the society and their new announcement were travestied in stanzas of this style:

For last year's labors and success,
(Which we think very great,)
Our orderly and moral friends
We do congratulate.

This privilege alone *we* claim,
On Sabbath day to roam,
While others of less pious fame
Must keep themselves at home.

To Committee of Publication:

Gentlemen:—Please insert in your report the following corrected sketch of my remarks at the "Centennial Dinner."

Respectfully Yours,

S. S. PATTEN.

Thomas Howard, one of the first settlers of Bangor, was born in Lynn, Mass., Aug. 15th, 1741. He married Mary Stinson Oct. 31, 1765. She was born in Woolwick, now in the State of Maine, May 20th, 1747. They began housekeeping in Woolwick, and there were born their two children, Rebeckah and Thomas. In April 1771, they moved to Bangor, where was born their daughter Mary, June 30th, 1771. (She was the first white child born above "Budge's Point".) After this, six children were born unto them, viz.: Louise, David, Susannah, John, Francis, and Sarah. Their original homestead and farm (excepting one third part now owned by J. W. Carr,) has never been out of the possession of the family, and is now owned by Miss Hannah Francis Howard, one of the thirty-six living grandchildren of Thomas and Mary Howard. Mr. Patten, (one of Thomas Howard's grandchildren,) showed a linen spinning wheel 104 years old, which was given Mrs. Howard as a wedding present by Mr. Stinson, her father. Upon the wheel was a bunch of flax, raised by Mr. H. on his farm 45 years ago. He also showed a chair 104 years old, belonging to the same family. The first grist mill built in Bangor, was a samp mortar, showed by Mr. Patten, which was made by Mr. Howard from hornbeam cut on the soil of our city, and hollowed out by burning with heated rocks. These articles have never before been taken from the old house built by Mr. Howard. The wheel and mortar are owned by Miss Howard, present owner and occupant of the homestead on State Street. The chair belongs to George W. Howard, great grandson of Thomas and Mary Howard.

These relics were examined with much interest by the company, and illustrated more vividly than speeches could, the simple and economical habits of the pioneers of New England.

Complying with the request of the Committee, Mr. L. H. Eaton has furnished the following condensed memoir of one whose honorable life and valuable services should be held in grateful recollection by the citizens of Eastern Maine.

PARK HOLLAND.

The subject of this sketch was born in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, Nov. 19th, 1752, and died in Bangor, May 22d, 1844.

We extract from the Bangor Whig and Courier of June 1st, 1844, some paragraphs of a communication written by one who had known him for a number of years very intimately, and who is now one of our most honored citizens.

"The late Park Holland was a man so venerable, and one who has so worthily filled a considerable space in public consideration, that I think I can not be mistaken in believing that some biographical sketch of his life and character will be acceptable to your readers generally, as well as to those who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance.

During his infancy his father moved to the town of Petersham, where he was brought up to labor upon his father's farm. In 1776, he enlisted in a regiment of Massachusetts troops, and leaving home served during the short period for which he engaged; he then returned to his native place, and shortly after enlisted in the Continental army, for and during the war, which service he fully accomplished, sharing largely in all its sufferings and its glories. He entered the service as a subaltern officer and sustained various offices during the progress of the war, though I think he never ranked higher than a captain."

Although the opportunities for study which he had enjoyed in early life were extremely limited, he had notwithstanding succeeded in getting a very good education.

When the army was disbanded in 1783, he was appointed agent to settle the accounts of the 5th and and a part of the 10th and 15th Massachusetts regiments. He was employed in this, and as Clerk to the Paymaster General, for nearly a year, when he returned home after an absence of six or seven years.

After this he paid off the officers and men belonging to these regiments, at different points in the State, which he describes in his memoir as being a season of happiness, in meeting his old companions in arms, with whom he had suffered and enjoyed for nearly seven years, and with whom he had finally seen the war brought to a favorable close.

After he had finished the payment of these troops he was employed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in connection with Gen. Rufus Putnam, to survey a part of the Schoodic or Passamaquoddy country, the Harbors, Islands, &c. This they accomplished in the fall of 1784.

After this, for some five or six years, he cultivated his farm in Petersham, during all of which time he was the representative of his town in the General Court, and one of its most beloved and honored citizens.

During the unfortunate "Shay Rebellion," in 1793, he was appointed a Captain in Gov. Lincoln's army for its suppression, which was the more happily accomplished from the gentleness and sympathy of those in command, who could but feel a tenderness and regard for the brave but misguided men, who had so lately been their companions in arms. The last of Shay's force was dispersed in the immediate vicinity of his home in Petersham.

In 1794, in connection with Jonathan Maynard, Esq., he surveyed the land on each side of the Penobscot River reserved for the Indians, and also made a survey connected with the "Bingham purchase." He extended his survey into the vast pathless forests of what is now Aroostook County, and northern Penobscot, the whole party coming near starvation, and reserving a little dog which accompanied them, as a last resort; after his death had been decreed from day to day for several days, the dog saved himself by finding a hedgehog, which the party captured; then they found an Indian encamped upon the banks of a stream, who had a quantity of smoked salmon, which he had caught and cured. Of this they ate so heartily that they were nearly all sick, some having to be *rolled* in

order to relieve them from the effects of an overdose of smoked salmon.

From this time to 1801 he was nearly all the time employed in the surveys of the wild lands in the "Province of Maine," so called.

In 1801 he moved his family into what is now Eddington, at the Bend, as he found that his business for a number of years would probably keep him here. During the summer of this year he surveyed the "Settler's Lots" in Bangor, which had been ordered by the General Court in an act "to quiet the settlers;" and many of the conveyances of real estate in this city even now refer to "Holland's plan."

He was for a long time after moving to Eddington the Agent for the Penobscot tribe of Indians, issuing to them the annuities of corn, blankets and trinkets, which were paid to them by the State of Massachusetts.

He surveyed many towns in Piscataquis County and in Penobscot County, and was actively employed until about the year 1820, hardly any one leaving his name attached to so many important surveys in this State as he had made.

To copy again from the newspaper article before alluded to:—"Park Holland was an honest, a benevolent and an amiable man. The British were the only enemies he ever had. In a selfish, grasping generation, he has been almost like an oasis in the desert. His sympathies, his heart and his hand have always been with the poor and the suffering. He was never a rich man; his very nature forbade his becoming so while he was surrounded with the poor.

While capable of labor he was an uncommonly active and industrious man, of the most simple and unostentatious manners, always ready to lend a helping hand to those in want. Of a vivacious temperament, he was always ready with a repartee or a story, and many a story and joke has the writer listened to, that had Park Holland for a father.

As he grew old his children and grandchildren were naturally anxious to have something by which they could recall vividly

to their mind his appearance as he was in the ripeness of his years, and for that purpose they proposed that he should have his portrait painted; this he would not listen to until Mr. Hardy, the Artist, proposed to paint him with a surveyor's compass in his hand, with a back ground of forest and lake; to this he at last consented, and Mr. Hardy succeeded in getting an excellent likeness, which is now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Luther H. Eaton, of this city.

After a long life of unostentatious usefulness, and having served his country faithfully in the field and in the Legislative halls, and after having done perhaps, as much as any one man to develope this section, which when he came here was almost an unbroken wilderness, he calmly awaited his end, which came on the 22d of May, 1844. His remains were interred at Mt. Hope, almost on the summit of the hill, looking down upon the beautiful river, up which, he with Gen. Maynard, pushed the first boat load of surveyors' supplies, sixty years before his death, and which at that time had come to be so important a channel of commerce.

He left two daughters, and one son,—Charles T. Holland, now living in the town of Foxboro, Massachusetts.

REV. HARVEY LOOMIS.

[Extract from a letter from Mrs. E. L. Crosby.]

"We were all proud of Mr. Godfrey's address, yet one omission I regretted. Mr. G. speaks of an addition to the population of Bangor, early in the present century, of 'many sound and practical citizens, whose names are still fresh in our memories.' Well they may be, for the Bangor of to-day, began with them. For the best of reasons, no doubt, he omits to record those names, to dwell upon the times in which those honorable men were doing their work. But I cannot help thinking that the year 1811 should have had a place in the panorama which passed before our eyes on the 30th day of September,

1869; that it should have stood out as a crisis, an epoch, in the history of Bangor;—a year when more was done, done by one man, toward directing the forces which were to result in all that is best in our city, than in any other year before or since. It was well that other clergymen, such as they were—and one of them did engineer a good name for the new town—should have been among the early inhabitants. But it was *great* that such a man as Harvey Loomis should have found his missionary field in the little straggling village of Bangor, Maine. He was a man of whom the good deacon, whose remark Mr. G. mentions, might have said, 'he is in the right place, both in the pulpit and out of it.' Everything that was winning as a preacher, everything that was charming as a man. Full of zeal in the cause of truth and righteousness, full of sympathy with the people to whom he devoted his life. For it did not take those 'sound, practical citizens' long, although most of them were not at the time 'righteous over much,' to decide that such a prize must, at all hazards, be secured. And it was a good beginning, that Bangor, when the number of inhabitants was less than 700, agreed to pay Mr. Loomis a salary of $800, and paid it. So from 1811, until the beginning of 1825, he was identified with Bangor in all its important interests, and many a man, who might otherwise have sought a more promising home for his family, came to this place because such a man, such a minister was here. A wise master-builder was he, not only using his own hands skilfully, but knowing how to make the humblest or most erratic effort of another, available in the raising of that structure he desired to see on the banks of the Penobscot—a temple to the Lord, an inviting abode for man.

(Good old Mr. 'Tom Bartlett' as we called him, gave an idea of his tact when he said 'Mr. Loomis will catch up a brick and clap it into a weak place as quick as any man I ever saw.')

Fresh and warm is the place his name occupies in the hearts of the few lingering ones who knew him as he was, and who can recall the day when suddenly he vanished from their sight.

The first Sunday in January, as it has come round these forty-four, forty-five years, has always been a remembered anniversary. And sometimes, we have occasion to say, 'in such a storm as this Mr. Loomis died. On such a day we dimly saw through the driving, drifting snow, a prostrate form—we knew too well whose—borne from the church where he had fallen, to the nearest house, in the vain hope that something might be done to restore animation.' We seem to see it all again; and again we feel the thrill of agony which went through all hearts, when the fearful message came, 'he is gone.' He was thirty-nine years old,—a man, who if he could return to the earth just as he was when he left it, would not be found behind the times."

After the above communication was received by the Committee, the writer was requested by them to furnish for the Centennial Book, a copy of some lines entitled "The Desolated Conference-room," written with reference to Mr. Loomis' death, and printed in a Bangor newspaper very soon after, that is sometime in January, 1825. In complying with this request, circumstances render it suitable to say a few words. Although it would be difficult to tell what it was in a production so inartistic, which commended it to the hearts not only of those immediately interested in the occasion, but of strangers, yet in fact it was copied far and wide, not only that year, but occasionally for twenty years; sometimes one departed worthy having the benefit, sometimes another, generally appearing as "original." It was introduced somewhat on this wise: "Several poetic effusions which appeared in the papers, indicate the deep feeling that pervaded the community. We subjoin a few of them."

The scrap-book or the old newspaper could have furnished one of these effusions, years before. But enough has been said. Somebody blundered.

At last in a Biography of Rev. Mr. Emerson, of Newburyport, "The Desolated Conference Room" received a quietus and safe burial.

It may be of little consequence, yet it would seem that the

flower which was deemed worth borrowing for a stranger's grave, might as well be carried back to shed what fragrance it may over his, for whom it was originally planted.

E. L. C.

The Desolated Conference-Room.

Ye need not hang that candle by the desk;
Ye may remove his chair and take away his book;
He will not come to-night. He did not hear the bell
Which told the hour of prayer. I cannot speak the reason,
But he does not seem to love, as he did once,
The conference-room.

We've waited long of late, and thought we heard
At length, his well known step. We were deceived.
He did not come. 'Tis very sad to say,
But he will never come again.

Do ye remember how he used to sit
In that now vacant corner, hid by its obscurity?
Only ye might perceive his wondrous eye
Striving to read the feelings of your souls
That he might know if ye would hear the word.
Ye do remember—well, he's not there now;
Ye may be gay and thoughtless if ye will,
His glance shall not reprove you;
Or if ye choose it, ye may slumber on your seats
And never fear the watchman's eye,
It weeps not o'er you now.

There! listen to that hymn of praise!
But how it falters on the lip!
How like a funeral dirge it sounds!
Oh! ye have lost your leader and ye cannot sing.
But hearken! when ye struck that note

Did ye not hear an angel voice take up
The lofty strain, "For thou, O Lamb of God,
Art worthy?" 'Twas his voice.
Not rising as in former days from this
Low temple;—sing softly—or ye will not hear!
Only the clearest, sweetest note, waving its way
From the celestial world, just strikes the ear,
Intent—and now—'tis gone.

Oh, how it chills the heart to think
That voice no more is heard within these walls.
It is no fiction, is it? no deluding dream?
Oh, no!—our friend is gone. The damp of death
Is o'er him. The moon is shining on his grave,
He will not wake until he wakes to immortality.

'Tis sweet to pause and think, in what
A higher world than this his spirit dwells,
How very near he is to Jesus. Sure, he must now
Be near to Him in heaven, who did so love
His name on earth. And now,
He's washed his mortal woes and sins away,
And now he drinks the river of a Savior's love,
And now he tunes his harp to angel themes,
And now he joins a band, the rapture of whose song
An angel mind can scarce imagine;
How does he swell the chorus, "Thou wast slain for us—"
A song not new to him—he sang it oft
In years gone by.

But we are not in heaven, we are here
Where desolation reigns in every heart,
And sorrow looks from every eye.
Soon we must go away, and there is none
To say a blessing for us. Though, when prayer is done
We stand—and wait—yet none shall say
"Now grace be with you."

Yet surely we must not repine
At what He does who made us. He hath done well.
So be it, Father, even so, since it hath seemed
Most righteous in thy sight.
And if we ask of God a blessing for ourselves,
If we repent that we have sinned against Him,
He will not frown on us, He'll hear our prayer.
We'll go then, trusting in His name.
He oft hath blest us in this room,
He'll bless us yet again—we'll go.

FROM NOAH BARKER, ESQ.

The following stanzas, composed by the Rev. Seth Noble, on the death of his wife,—which occurred in 1793 in a log house then standing on the old "Jacob Buswell lot," and near the present site of the Catholic Cathedral on York street,—were committed to memory, at the time, by Rachel P. Knapp, of Brewer, then a girl of fourteen, and now, (1859,) the widow of the late William Eddy, Esq., of Corinth, and in her eighty-first year;—although no copy of them has been preserved, or, (so far as she knows,) is now in existence, yet she has retained in her memory the lines as they were originally composed, and at her rehearsal, they are reproduced by the subscriber, as follows:

LINES COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF SOPHRONIA, CONSORT OF REV. SETH NOBLE, 1793.

I.

Forbear, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,
For all my cheerful airs are fled;
Why will you make me talk my torments o'er?
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead!

II.

Deep from my soul, mark, how the sobs arise!
Hear the long groans that waste my breath;
And read the mighty sorrows in my eyes;—
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death!

III.

She was my friend, my guide, my earthly all;
Love grew with every waning moon;—
Ah! Heaven through length of years, delayed the call,
And still methinks the call too soon.

IV.

Grace is a secret plant of heavenly birth,
The seed, descending from above,
Roots in the soil refined, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

V.

Not the gay splendors of an earthly court,
Could tempt her to appear, and shine;
Her solemn airs forbade the world's resort,
But I was blest that she was mine.

VI.

But, peace! my sorrows, ne'er with murm'ring voice,
Dare to reprove Heaven's high decree;
She was first ripe for everlasting joys,—
Sophronia waits above for me.

Having recently found among my old papers, the above memorandum, and thinking it might be of interest to the antiquarian, I herewith present it to the Committee on publication of documents connected with the late Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Bangor, to be disposed of in any way the Committee may deem proper.

It may be proper to add that Mrs. Eddy, by whose instrumentality these lines were preserved from oblivion, died at my

house in Corinth, (being the old homestead where she had lived for 51 years,) on the 11th of July, 1869, aged 90 years, 1 month and 19 days, retaining her mental faculties unimpaired to the last.

The early records of Bangor will show that the marriage of Mr. William Eddy of Eddington, and Miss Rachel P. Knapp of Brewer, was solemnized by the Rev. Seth Noble, Nov. 17, 1796.

Respectfully submitted
To the Committee aforesaid,
By their Ob't Servant,
NOAH BARKER.

CORINTH, Sept. 30th, 1869.

PENJEJEWOCK.*

WRITTEN FOR CENTENNIAL DAY, BY MRS. A. G. WAKEFIELD.

In memory's gallery, covered o'er
With cobwebs, and the dust of time,
A picture hangs, whose features give
The inspiration to my rhyme.

Upon the canvas, outlined dim,
A weather-stained old house† appears.
With chimney huge, and slanting roof
Thatched with the moss of many years.

Around the house, a grassy lawn
Lay, fenced by river, hills and stream,
Which dawned upon my childish eyes
As fair as poet's brightest dream.

*A stream that empties into the Penobscot, near Mt. Hope.
†The first framed house in Bangor.

Above the rest, one height arose,
O'er this fair realm to reign, as queen,
Lifting aloft, with stately grace,
Its leafy crown of "living green."

As grand, and graceful now it stands,
As erst it stood, in pristine pride,
With marble tablets gleaming forth
From verdure rich, on every side.

Long may your trees, Mt. Hope! outstretch
Their arms, to guard a sacred trust,
And gather to your beauteous breast
The future generations' dust.

Spare, Time! those martyred heroes' names,
Embossed on glory's granite page,
And as one column crumbles, may
Another rise, to latest age.

Your silver chimes, Penjejewock!
The river's rush, the rapids' ‡ roar,
Float downward, through the lapsing years,
And lull my senses, as of yore.

Again, a sight of early times
Comes back, to glad my fancy's dream;
The light canoes, in "Indian file,"
I see pass swiftly down the stream.

O birchen barks! how beautiful
You glided in your fairy grace,
How wondrously in keeping with
The spirit of the time, and place.

As backward, to his Island home,
The Red man on his shoulders bore
His tiny craft, he often asked
For lodging, at my father's* door.

‡Treat's Falls.
*William Forbes.

Full well he knew, a welcome sure
Always awaited him within,
A brother's soul my sire could see,
E'en through a vail of tawney skin.

And sometimes, would they come in bands,
And camp all night upon the lawn;
Quiet, they slept the dark hours through,
And peacefully they went at dawn.

Those, who the site of this old house,
Think not so very fair, and good,
Were not unto "the manor born,"
They saw it not, before the "*Flood!*"†

Moderns may boast their Iron Horse,
And iron ways to travel on,
We had our "*tracks*"‡ in former times
Indented in a ledge of stone.

Their daring hands, those mystic prints
Efface, and on that sulphurous stone
They raise a railroad bridge, and rest
Its buttresses that rock upon.

Some day an "ancient gentleman"
May come again to claim his own,
Then where will be their railroad bridge
When the foundation stone is gone?

People of nineteen—sixty-nine!
You who have grown so wise, and great,
Our day of small things, don't despise,
But learn from us, to work, and wait.

†Of 1846.

‡The "Devil's Rock," in old times, was the principal "lion" of Bangor. It was a large yellowish brown bonlder, which tradition said, was brought over from the east side of the river, one dark night, by the evil one, and deposited just above a ledge, at the mouth of the Penjejewock. The "tracks" alluded to, were supposed to have been made by him, in clambering up over the ledge with his burthen. They were about three feet apart, round in form, and indented an inch or more, into the ledge. In warm weather, this rock had visitors almost every day.

Let each, in his peculiar sphere,
Perform the duty of the hour,
That great occasions, when they come,
May prove in you, an equal power.

The horizon widening, will disclose
Fields larger, for your feet to tread,
New mines of thought to be explored,
New skies, with opening rifts, o'erhead.

And as the circling centuries, still
To those gone by their treasures lend,
May our descendants heavenward keep
Their course, 'till earth fulfils its end.

Auld Lang Syne.

We meet no warrior's praise to sing,
Or laurel wreath bestow,
But celebrate our city's birth
One hundred years ago.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, &c.

A brave old pioneer, was he,
Who feared not frost or snow,
But made his home upon this spot,
One hundred years ago.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, &c.

To-day our fields of waving grain,
On hill and valley grow,
Where giant forests reared their heads,
One hundred years ago.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, &c.

And where we march along the streets,
Once fed the timid doe,
And the Indian in his wigwam sat,
One hundred years ago.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, &c.

The iron horse, the telegraph,
They make a goodly show,
These arts we bring were all unknown,
One hundred years ago.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, &c.

The Centennial.

(*Nuremburg.*)

Grateful hearts meet here to-day,
Loving lips their tribute pay,
In our hands green wreaths we bring,
Hymns of praise our voices sing.

Dawns the City's natal day,
In the Past, her present lay.
Blessings strown with tender care,
Till a century's stamp they bear.

Past, the Indians' hunting time,
Church bells now in clear toned chime
Breathe peace and plenty, full and free,
Thanks we give dear Lord, to Thee.

As we still in stature grow
Year by year, so may we show
On the page of time to come,
Words well spoken, deeds well done.

Sing we now with voices clear,
Praise for this our hundredth year,
Peace on earth, to men good will,
This shall be the watchword still.

SUMMER ST.

Centennial Hymn.

E. B. NEALLEY.

God, who sustainest nations by Thy power,
Who seest in rolling centuries but an hour,
From jubilant lips and swelling hearts we raise,
To Thy great name our grateful hymn of praise.

Our fathers built secure on Thee,—the rock
Untouched by time, unmoved by tempests' shock;
Kindled in faith, yet burn their altar fires;
To Thee their churches heavenward point their spires.

Grant us, with steadfast faith and fervor filled,
Upon this rock of ages still to build,
Like that fair city, to whose jasper walls,
In words of love, Thine holy message calls.

So may our city firmly built on Thee,
In years to come Thy favored Israel be;
Thy guardian hand aye shielding its fair fame,
And all our children servants of Thy name.

Centennial Hymn.

BY R. S. LAKIN.

All hail the grand Centennial year:
'Tis meet we raise the voice of praise,
And sing our grateful hymns of cheer
To God, the light of all our ways.
The voice of praise,
We gladly raise
To Thee, our God, to Thee.

Thou hast, O God, a century given
Of plenty, Life and Living Light;
Since first our forest monarchs riven,
Fell by the woodman's arm of might.
The voice of praise,
We gladly raise
To Thee, our God, to Thee.

Where towered the pine, and stood the oak,
Where roved the bear, and leaped the deer,
Where one lone voice Thy praises spoke,
A thousand voices now we hear.
The voice of praise,
We gladly raise
To Thee, our God, to Thee.

Oh Lord, Thy goodness so dispense,
The fruits of Life so freely give,
That all who live a century hence,
May freely eat, and godly live.
The voice of praise,
We gladly raise
To Thee, our God, to Thee.

Hymn,

For the Centennial Celebration of the First Settlement of Bangor, Maine,—September, 1869.

BY GEO. KENT, ESQ.

God of our Fathers! at Thy throne
Prostrate we bow, and humbly own
Thy majesty divine;
Inspire our hearts with Heavenly grace,
Attune our lips to sing Thy praise,
And be the glory Thine.

With our own ears we've heard, O God!
Our Fathers have proclaim'd abroad,
The wonders of Thy grace—
How Thou didst drive the heathen hence,
Vouchsaf'd our sires a sure defence,
A certain dwelling-place.

Not on their might did they rely—
Thine own right arm was ever nigh,
All needful aid to give;
By enterprise, and patient toil,
To train the mind, subdue the soil,
And learn the art to live.

O'er wilds where once the red man trod,
Altars, now dedicate to God,
Are vocal with His praise;
The desert as the rose has bloom'd,
The glorious Gospel has illum'd
Our land with heavenly rays.

A Century's revolving round
This goodly heritage has crown'd
With blessings rich and rare;
For this may ceaseless thanks be given,
May songs of praise ascend to Heaven,
And find acceptance there.

Centennial Hymn.

BY MRS. H. G. ROWE.

The sun shines bright on lofty spire,
On church and crowd below,
Where forests waved, and red men dwelt
One hundred years ago.

Beneath the pine trees' virgin shade
Unfrightened roamed the deer,
When, armed with axe and bible, came
The sturdy pioneer.

Vanished a century's giant growth,
And, fair beneath the sun,
Nodded and smiled the yellow grain—
The *axe* its work had done.

Then slow uprose from hill and dale,
Church—belfry, wall, and tower,
Whence prayers ascend and songs of praise
Proclaim the *Bible's* power.

All hail! to Him whose sheltering arm
Hath been our hope and stay;
The God to whom an hundred years
Are but a single day.

A Hundred Years Ago.

To the Tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

BY DR. E. M. FIELD.

Where now the stately buildings stand
In many a goodly row,
An *oaken forest claimed the land,
A hundred years ago.

Chorus—A hundred years ago, dear friends,
A hundred years ago,
An oaken forest claimed the land,
A hundred years ago.

The red men roamed the shore along,
Their arms the spear and bow,
Their sports the dance and savage song,
A hundred years ago.

Chorus—A hundred years ago, dear friends, &c.

Their birchen wigwams flecked the glade,
The wild deer fled the foe;
And here the Indian wooed his maid
A hundred years ago.

Chorus—A hundred years ago, dear friends, &c.

Now on Penobscot's rolling tide
The huge ships come and go.
Where the canoe did lightly glide
A hundred years ago.

Chorus—A hundred years ago, dear friends, &c.

*An oak grove covered the hillsides of Bangor a hundred years ago. A few trees are still left, namely, a cluster east of Newbury street; another cluster between Essex and Grove streets, in the rear of Mr. Thaxter's house; a solitary one stands in the garden of Maj. Strickland on Broadway.

Behind the car of Time how fast
The lapsing ages flow;
How like a vision that is past,
A hundred years ago!

CHORUS—A hundred years ago, dear friends, &c.

Oh, Father, make us all thine own;
Let us in wisdom grow,
And profit by the good seed sown
A hundred years ago!

CHORUS—A hundred years ago, dear friends, &c.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY MISS SELMA W. PAINE.

God bless our city Bangor, now
On this its birthday morn,
A hundred years have swiftly come,
A hundred years have gone;

And still, it feels the blood of youth
Through all its limbs run fast;
And as it backward turns, believes
'Tis but a childhood's past;

And, questioning with steady gaze,
Looks onwards to its prime,
And hopeful, naught but welcome gifts
Sees in the hands of time.

God bless our city, Bangor, then!
God bless its work begun!
And may our hope be justified
When a hundred years have run!

In the "Clarion," a short lived literary paper, edited by B. B. Thatcher, appeared, in April, 1827, the following utterance on the departure of the ice from Penobscot river, a stirring event in those times:

Ice of the Penobscot.

To the sea! the sea!
Thou last of the winter hoary;
For the summer draws nigh, in glory,
With beams too bright for thee.

To the ocean go!
Thou chain of our winding river,
And try, over that which resteth never
The band of thy strength to throw.

Ha! thou! wilt thou be
A covering over the grand commotion?
How the ever foaming rejoicing ocean
Will laugh at a mote like thee!

Yet onward! rush on,
As the winds and the waves may guide thee,
Rush on, where tossing and wasting abide thee;
Chain of our river, be gone!

E. L. C.

The Rhyme of the Ancient City Hall.

In the year 1849, the building which had been occupied as a City Hall and for other city purposes, being too small and inconvenient, was turned around and removed from the angle of Hammond and Columbia Streets to where it now stands, and enlarged by lengthening, and putting a basement under, it. On its completion, it was dedicated by an oration from Abraham Sanborn, Esq., and the following rhymes from another citizen:

When Jacob Buswell, eighty years ago,
First tabernacled in this land of "Lo,"
With neighbor none his lonely life to cheer,
Except, may be, that timid thing, the deer,
Or, peering from his den, the solemn bear,
Whose company he very well could spare;
When vested all these hills the solemn wood,
That, through unbroken centuries, had stood
In solitude so awful and profound,
Its echoes undisturbed by human sound
Save the wild war-whoop of the Tarratine
As he his foe pursued with vision keen—
Could any one have dreamed that eighty years
Would bring the change that to our view appears?
But Jacob Buswell most advent'rous man,
Believing progress was the modern plan,
Commenced to change this region of the beast,
Into the biggest city of the East,
With a grave Mayor, a Police Judge so tall,
Councilmen and Aldermen, and—a City Hall!

But who was Jacob Buswell? It is time
He were embalmed, if worthy, in good rhyme.
Where came he from? Has no one his history!
Or are his life and acts a mystery?

The story of this wayfarer,
Told by th' historian,
Is brief and to the point. He was
Old Mr. Buswell's son.
Upon the hill he pitched his tent,
Oh, most aspiring man!
Not far from the old mansion called
"Hotel American."*
The first frosts of the eighth decade
His advent did behold,
With gear a little, I opine,
And a great household.

Thus we dispose summarily
Of Jacob Buswell's story—
Though when he died, we think, he was
An aged man and hoary.
But while his tale it is so short,
He was the pioneer
Who first essayed to lead the way
For all the people here.

What better work did Romulus,
That nursling of a beast?
He founded Rome; but Buswell found
As fair a spot at least,
With hills as many, and a stream
Like Tiber, bright and running,
With fishes ready for the net,
And choicest game for gunning.
Who knows that Buswell's city may
Not sometime shine in story,
Like that of Romulus, or, perhaps,
With a much greater glory?

*This was a large three story wooden edifice built early in the century by Mr. Greenleaf, for a hotel. It was sometimes used as a prison. It was for a long period the residence of Philip Coombs, Esq. It stood near the head of York street, upon Newbury street, where Col. David Bugbee's mansion now stands. Buswell's hut was near the Catholic church.

Scarce eight short years had passed their bound,
So great had grown the people,
That they resolved, a meeting-house
To build without a steeple.
A refugee of seventy-six,
Who taught the Holy Word,
Awhile sojourned in this good land,
And to them ministered.
Not bellicose, like Brownlow, he,
Though once a little wayward,
His claim to immortality
Hangs on the change of a word.
Beneath an oak he was installed
By Rev. Daniel Little,
A saint, who, where he preached or prayed,
Cared not a jot or tittle.
But preaching out of doors was here
By many men derided,
And Parson Noble boldly said
A church must be provided.†

As on Penobscot's sunny side
The people were located,
A sunny name they thought to give
The town they had created.
The parson, being a learned man,
Expert in "slinging ink" on,
They bade him write down Sunbury,
The best name they could think on.
Then sent him to the General Court
Of Massachusetts Bay,
To have its use there authorized
All in the legal way.

†Votes of Sunbury, March 27, 1787. "Voted to build a meating house 40x36 feet Large."
"Voted that the meating house shall be Bult at Condeskge."
"Mr. Budge and Mr. Smart agreet to gave one acor of Land to the town to Set the meating house on."—*Early Records.*
The meeting house was not built.

As the good parson jogged along,
Towards his destination,
He doubted if so light a name
Became his occupation;
And pondering o'er the old psalm tunes,—
Now whistling and now humming,—
He felt right through his marrow bones
The very name a coming;
Then Sunbury he scouted, and,
Filled with the solemn clangor
Of the old tune most dear to him,
Said, "Let the name be Bangor."

From that time forth Sunb'ry was heard
No more among the people,
And no more that purposed work
A church without a steeple.
Then, for the space of thirty years,
No sign of house of prayer
Did grace the town of good Bangor,—
And cheer the Christians there!
Time came, at last, when worthy men
Concluded Sabbath day in
Bangor would be better kept,
With a good place to pray in.
And, knowing that the Courts of law
Were in as sad a plight,
They set their busy brains at work
To church and State unite.
And very soon a structure rose,
With Court-room planned for preaching,
And all desired conveniences
For law and gospel teaching.
That was the modest edifice
Which rested in the angle
Where Hammond and Columbia meet—
Without much modern fangle.

With witness-stand and crier's seat
And pews all perpendicular,
With pulpit, too, and Deacon's chair,
And bell up in the steeple there.

That bell! How dear to memory
The music of its tone,
When once, at summer even-tide,
It reached the wanderer lone,
As, floating in the light canoe,
Or lingering near the stream,
He saw the shadows lengthening
Till all was as a dream.
Then, not as now, did frowning walls
Conceal the Kenduskeag,
And din, and dust, and drowning drays,
The ear and sight fatigue.
But village quiet reigned around,
When toils of day were ended,
By nothing broken but the sound
That from that bell descended.

Let us return. Within those walls
The old psalm tunes resounded,
While a reverent chorister
Kept even time, and pounded.
This was a man of order, who,
With rigid physiog',
Took note of every peccadil'
Of roguish boy and dog.
And when he magnified himself
In solo or duett,
'Twas clear he thought he took the shine
From every body yet!

Then once a crazy vagabond,
Yclept "Old Haty Co'son,"

To wake the dozing worshippers
Conceived a novel notion,
And, possibly, their appetites
He thought to re-awaken,
So laid upon the burning stove
Some sausages and bacon.
Before the desk, with hoary locks,
Reposed an ancient deacon,
Who was, by good, and bad, and all,
Esteemed a saintly beacon.
While in refreshing napping lost,
Careless of phylacteries,
The smoke of Haty's sacrifice
Saluted his olfactories.
Bewildered, he, half-stifled, woke
From his short fit of dozing,
And no more, upon that day,
In church was seen reposing.
When stolen shingles came to town
Wet with the dews of Hermon,
There Mr. Buzzy looked for help,
From Parson Loomis's sermon.*

To court-house, town-house, church and hall,
The structure was converted,—
That well it served the purposes,
May safely be asserted.
When stranger parsons came to church,
They well might doubt if 'twas it,
When straight before their perch they saw
The malefactor's closet.
The sight to stranger lawyers might,
In court have been amusin',

* "Most think as Mr. Buzzy did, though they do not say it. Mr. Loomis, on his first coming, pleased him on account of the occasional rigor and even severity of his doctrine. Calling on him at one time, he said, "I don't believe your preaching, but it is just what is wanted for these villains that steal my logs. Go on and preach it, [future punishment] and I will give you a hundred acres of land to begin with."—*Dr. Shepard's Sermon.*

Of Judges in the pulpit, and
Of Juries penned the pews in.

What varied reminiscences
Of that old court-room linger!
How the shrinking witness writhed
When Gilman* shook his finger!
'Twas there the learned trio sat,
Mellen, Weston, Preble!†
Not often doth the Bench resound
With like judicial treble.
There silver tones of Greenleaf‡ rung,
The broad, rich, voice of Orr:§
Attorney Foote‖ high alto sung,
Bass, Godfrey and McGaw.¶

There sat the Court of Common Pleas,
That pure old Court of r-rs,
And startled malefactors with
All sorts of legal terrors.
What scores of shingle trespassers
Have vowed and vowed repentance,
As the r-r's came tumbling out
Before the fearful sentence.
Yes, there it sat, and sat, and sat,
And sat, and sat and pondered,

*Hon Allen Gilman. He was the first lawyer who practiced in Bangor. He came in 1800. He was the first Mayor of the City, in 1834.

†Hon. Prentiss Mellen, and Hon. Wm. Pitt Preble, of Portland, and Hon. Nathan Weston, of Augusta. The first three Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine.

‡Simon Greenleaf, Reporter of the Decisions of that Court, of Portland. He was afterward Law Professor in Harvard College. His style of eloquence gained him the appellation of "Silver Tongue."

§Benjamin Orr, of Brunswick, one of Maine's ablest advocates, and the rival of Greenleaf. He possessed a masculine style of eloquence, and had the sobriquet of "Broad-axe."

‖Contemporary with Greenleaf and Attorney General of the State. He had a sort of falsetto voice; was a man of considerable ability and considerable conceit.

¶John Godfrey and Jacob McGaw, two of the leading lawyers of Penobscot County, contemporary with the above. Godfrey came to Hampden, from Taunton, Mass., and McGaw to Bangor, from New Hampshire, in about 1801. Mr. Godfrey settled in Bangor in 1821, and was county Attorney many years.

And hatchèd out such lucid law
That Bar and clients wondered.
'Twas there a wise official roads
Irreparable indicted,
And gravely urged the learnèd Judge*
To have such wrong ways righted.
But the learn'd Judge quashed the bill,
In his emphatic mode,
And said that no town could repair
An irreparable road!
'Twas there that band of highwaymen,
Yclept the Court of Sessions,
Relieved our worthy farmers of
Long strips of their possessions.
There came the people year by year—
A motley convocation—
And each by vote expressed his will
Concerning State and nation,
And struggled who should, for the time,
Control the corporation,
Careful that too good a man
Got not official station.
And there, some three decades ago,
The British Lion rested,
And tried the fathers' patience till
It was completely tested.
They sought to soothe his rampant ire,
With dainties from their tables,
And soften him with liquid fire
And garden vegetables.†

*Hon. David Perham, for many years Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. An upright magistrate and excellent lawyer. He first established himself in his profession at Brewer Village. At the time of his death, he resided in Bangor.

†In Sept., 1814, after the affray at Hampden, the British troops came to Bangor and perpetrated many lawless acts. The Court house was converted into barracks. The troops were exacting and the people were defenceless, consequently all that the soldiers desired that could be supplied was given them. They at last became so stupidly drunk, that their commanders, fearing that advantage might be taken of their condition, hurried them into the vessels and took them down the river.

And there the Hampden hero famed,
Whose brows had laurels worn,
For cutting this outrageous beast,
Was cut himself in turn.*

In later days a "Lyceum"
Displayed its modest head there,
And modest merit, for a while,
Quite modestly was fed there,
Protected by a sturdy Hedge,†
Strong Shepard and full Pond,‡
Resort it was, hebdomadal,
Of which we all were fond.
'Twas there a grave philosopher,§
All with his dexter hand bent,
Taught how a swift revolving ball
Might fly off in a tangent.
And there another,¶ queer as wise,
With fun up to the brim,
Once scaled the New Jerusalem
And bared the cherubim!

Time speeded on, and strange the use
Those time-stained walls did come to;
The soldier's oath resounded there,
The tap of soldier's drum, too.
The pulpit, that Religion had,
In ways unnumbered, hallowed,

*Gen. John Blake. He was a gallant Revolutionary soldier, but being unfortunate in not being able with a few raw militia men to turn the disciplined troops of the British, he was tried by court martial in the Court house. He was, however, acquitted.

†Rev. Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, a former pastor of the Independent Congregational Society, (Unitarian,) Prof. of Theology in Harvard College, and author.

‡Rev. Dr. George Shepard and Rev. Dr. Enoch Pond, Professors in the Bangor Theological Seminary.

§Asa Davis, Esq., delivered a mathematical lecture quite mysterious to the boys.

¶John B. Hill, Esq., a lawyer and erudite scholar. In one or two lectures he attacked Swedenborgianism with much severity. In another lecture upon Magic, he related an anecdote embracing a conversation between a mother and her naughty child, which revealed the physical peculiarities of the cherub, to the amusement of one part of the audience and the confusion of the other.

Was stripped of holy relics, and
Abominably tallowed!
The straight-back pews, with look demure,
Were trampled under foot;
Jockeys exchanged the street for floor
And added seats to boot.
'Twas there that Democrats, inspired
By patriotic wishes,
Resolved and re-resolved that they
Would have the loaves and fishes;
And there were told when honest men
Must have the freezing go-by;
And, true to party principle,
They'd "buy no grog of Roby!"*

There home-bred orators, sometimes,
The people did admonish;
There labored foreign demagogues
The natives to astonish.
There Whigs and Democrats run mad,
By Crogans led, and Drapers,†
Once bowed the neck to brogue and brag,
And cut fantastic capers.

Though British foes once in that house
Did nightly bivouac,
And leave, upon its floors and walls,
For years, their iron track,
Yet not by them was its good name
So tarnished and defaced,
As by foes domestic, who
Themselves and it disgraced.

*Roby kept the American House. He was a Democrat, but on one occasion tripped in his allegiance because of some party measure his conscience did not approve. Jewett, in a terrific harangue, enjoined it upon his brother Democrats to "buy no more grog of Roby!" Roby was mad.

†Crogan, an Irish-American Democrat of force, and Draper, a rough Yankee Whig, were pitted against each other in speechifying, and both generally came out first best, as near as could be determined by the applause.

A horde of Northern Goths and Bears,
Th' army of th' Aroostook,
Who, than their warrior business do,
Would rather see a goose cook,
A dozen dreary cooking-stoves
Within its walls located,
And with worse than Haty's smoke,
Its precincts desecrated.

Day after day those greedy men
Around these stoves were toiling,
Baking, broiling, frying, smoking,
Steaming, stewing, boiling!
Could parson Noble have dropped down
Upon those Vandal toilers,
With holy indignation, he'd,
No doubt, have burst the boilers!*

Since then have been enacted there
Things wonderful and funny;
Every project has been tried
To get the people's money.
Phrenologists, Biologists,
Eastern necromancers,
Negro imitators and
Meretricious dancers,
Have found the bumps in unbaked heads,
And limbs manipulated,
And in the pockets of the crowd
Their hands insinuated,
Until, at last, most civil folk
The profaned hulk neglected,
And prayed that, on some blessed day,
A Hall might be erected.

*The old City Hall was converted into barracks for the Aroostook soldiers. Undrilled and unkempt, they devoted their time to what they considered good living, without regard to the sanctity of the precinct.

Considering the City's needs,
The Council-men and Mayor
Designed a place for public use,
Appropriate and fair.
But finding that, in years gone by,
The cautious Legislature
Had limited expenditures
For objects of this nature,
To bring themselves within the rule,
They wisely did conclude
To turn the desecrated Hall
And swell its magnitude.
Then, presto, change! how quick 'twas done,
And we accommodated!
Our city fathers, certainly,
Should all be reinstated.*

Sacred the spot where *now* it stands,—
'Twas long appropriated,
By worthy men, to purposes
Which can't be overrated.

Here stood an ancient tenement,
That once an ancient maiden,
Cheerful but dilapidate,
Lived or, rather, staid in,
And sought by birch and A, B, C,
To earn a livelihood
From youngsters' backs and brains that be-
Longed to the neighborhood.
As others did, so she resolved,
Once in her life, to die not

*The old building fronted on West Market Square. For many years after its erection, no buildings intervened between it and the Square. It was reached by broad flights of steps, and the ground was handsomely terraced before it. It was removed more than the distance of its width on Columbia street and considerably lengthened. The old part stands upon the spot formerly occupied by the "Bangor Young Ladies' Academy;" an institution where young ladies then usually completed their school education, and young gentlemen were fitted for college.

In single-blessedness, but to change
The name of B—tt—y M—n—t.
But men and time were quite too tough
For her good resolution;
Wary the first—the last did wear
Away her constitution.
And finally, like willow pale,
She droop-ed and assented,
And pure and holy, long ago,
Aunt B—tt—y died contented.
Then was this time-worn tenement
Used for a seminary,
Where ancient discipline was tried
With boys and girls unwary—
The sacred rod of Jewish sage
For children living then,
But now condemned, when school-boys are
The fathers of the men.
There reigned, in mimic majesty,
Successive pedagogues,
Who led and drove their wild pupils
Through Greek and Latin bogs.
Willard, Baldwin, and, not least,
The calm and kindly Brewer,
Acceptably the sceptre held—
None could have held it truer.
Then followed Coburn, tyrant bold,
With goggles green and dubious—
The terror of delinquent boys,
An eye-sore to the studious.
Last, preceptor Quimby came,
With prospects ever brightening,
Until, at length, he made himself
Director of the lightning.*

*The school was first opened in the hall of Leavitt's block at the City Point, in Oct., 1819. Mr. Baldwin was the first preceptor. He was succeeded by Mr. Willard, afterward Judge Willard, of Troy, N. Y., now deceased. Rev. Joslah Brewer succeeded him. He afterward taught an Indian school on Oldtown

In that old wigwam boys and girls,
Now model men and mothers,
Did sometimes catch the teacher's smile,
But oftener one another's!
'Twas there the matrons of that day
Did with the fathers come,
And often hallow, with their prayers,
The time-worn "Conference" room.
There Loomis, Pike and Adams* prayed,
And others now ascended,
Whose voices oft, with Dr. Watts,
Harmoniously blended.

Those scenes have passed, and long ago
Those walls away have faded,
And other scenes and other walls
Have now the spot invaded.
How wondrously the ancient Hall
Has been regenerated;
How happily the public wants
Are now anticipated!
Abounding room there is for all
To show their excellences
In oratory, beauty, or
Whate'er may please the senses.
A nook far down for Aldermen,
Those haters of good living,

Island, and was afterward for many years a missionary in Syria. Coburn was believed to know but one prayer, and the boys imagined that while he was repeating it, he was watching them over his goggles. Abel M. Quimby was his successor,—a good teacher. He became interested in the subject of electricity, and after he left Bangor, went into the business of constructing lightning rods.

*Rev. Harvey Loomis, the first pastor of an organized church in Bangor—the First Congregationalist. He was very much beloved. He dropped dead upon entering his pulpit Jan. 2, 1825. His text for the morning was from Jer. 28:16. "This year thou shalt die." His portrait is in the vestry of the First Parish Church, and is very correct. Daniel Pike was a prominent man in the church. He directed the music, and was Superintendent of the Sunday School. A stern, but excellent man. Dea. Eliashib Adams, a prominent man in the church and a citizen a great many years. He reared a family of eloquent and erudite ministers.

Who, now and then, the paupers join
In putting down Thanksgiving.*
In that nook there may be found
The poet of the city,†
Who reputation great has gained
By many a pun and ditty.
Another nook for Councilmen,
Who, dreaming of promotion,
Fritter time and apples while
They hug the empty notion.
Another for the worthy Judge,‡
The poet laureate,
Who economic justice doth
For city and for state,
And frowns upon transgressors with
A wondrous length of phiz,
That makes the guilty rascals writhe
Whose eyes encounter his.
One for the town's Inquisitors,
That set of lynx-eyed foxes,
Who yearly haunt our premises
To tax our money-boxes.
Another for that gentleman,
With visage smooth and sunny,
Who, greedy for the public good,
Relieves us of our money.
One for those super-pedagogues
Of urchins without number,
Whose teachings for the work of life,
Their careful brains encumber.
Then, further down, the keen Fouchè
Transgression circumvents;

*The Aldermen furnished the paupers with their last Thanksgiving dinner and partook of it with them.

†George W. Snow, Esq., who [in 1870,] has been, during the last twenty-five years, City Clerk.

‡Hon. Spencer A. Pratt, Judge of the Police Court; of unimpeachable integrity.

'Tis wonderful the distance that
He rogues and liquor scents!
And there our nightly guardians
Have ample opportunity
To sleep and watch and toast their shins
And gossip with impunity.
And there retired apartments wait
That modest population,
Who blush in daylight to be found
Pursuing their vocation.

As down the stream of time we glance
And see the thousands thronging
These busy streets, in costume strange,
To other days belonging,
What fate hath met this edifice,
What structure doth replace it?
This spot,—will some deformity
Or noble palace grace it?
Will Buswell's city then have seen,
Like Rome, its rise and fall,
Or, like the ancient Babylon,
Be no more found at all?
Oh, let us hope a better fate
For this our charming city;
The ages' praises may she know,
And ne'er the ages' pity.

To the Penobscot, Now;

APRIL 11, 1845.

Old Winter soon will loose his hand from thee,
Thou noble stream!
His arm is wasting daily, and will be,
Early, a dream.

Oft on the leprous limb I fix my eyes,
And wish it gone,
That I may watch thy restless bosom's rise,
As thou mov'st on.

That I may see thy dazzling surface flecked
With glistening sails,
And thy rich valley's wealth float down unchecked
By adverse gales.

That I may hear the sailor's song again;
The dash of oars;
And watch the stirring forms of busy men
That pace thy shores.

And then I feel, 'tis but a fleeting day
That intervenes,
And hides from me this beautiful array
Of stirring scenes.

J. E. G.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for June, 1869.]

NOREMBEGA.*

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

* Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark! What sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised!—He sets for me
A blessed cross in sight!"
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave;
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave!

"My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou
And look from yonder heights;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But, through the drear woods, lone and still
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see,
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
A sword of fire beyond;
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back; "O master dear,
We are but men misled;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
A true man's cross may stand,
So Heaven be o'er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land?

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide
Of lordly tower and hall;
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given;
Is Norembega then a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven?

"No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me—

"'*Urbs Syon mystica*'; I see
Its mansions passing fair,
'*Condita cælo*'; let me be,
Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue
The songs of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert's keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the mystic stream,
And Norembega proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
Within the hemlock's shade,
And, stretching wide its arms to save,
The sign that God had made,—

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
And made it holy ground:
He needs the earthly city not
Who hath the heavenly found!

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